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CINDERELLA. — AFTER LEJEUNE.

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THE SCYTHE AND THE SYLPHIDS.

SAID the bee to the mower,
 "Old Time! move slower,
 And stay thy reeking scythe,
 Ah! little thou ruest
 The evil thou doest
 To creatures else happy and blithe.

"'Tis not the sweet clover
 Thy blade surges over,
 Could wring forth the merry bee's sigh,
 Though each rosy flower
 Be a banqueting bower,
 With nectar-cups piled on high.

"But we, the while winging,
 And thoughtfully hymning,
 All day o'er the meadows green,
 See kindred in kingdoms
 Of manifold windoms
 In myriads by man unseen.

"Dost thou smile?—lay thee prone
 On the swath thou hast mown,
 And peer through the standing grass,
 And see with kind eyes
 The life-land that lies
 In the tract thou hast yet to pass."

So the man took his nooning,
 And fell to communing,
 With insects brown, bronzy and gilt,
 When sped forth a spider,
 His legs a mere fibre,
 An apple-pip racing on stilts!

O'er the wight's head and shoulders,
 Supposing them boulders,
 The magical urchin hied,
 Till he gained the shorn sward
 And unwonted reward
 In the clear level space he espied.

"Oh! see his high vaulting!
 Oh! note his proud halting!
 Then tell me, good mower, in truth,
 Hath man in all story
 Of knighthood and glory
 So wondrous and noble a youth?"

"Behold now ascending,
 The tall grass scarce bending,
 Till he mounts to its utmost spire,
 Noctilucus glowing,
 With flight-flames o'erflowing,
 To soar in his chariot of fire!

"And if thus at noon-day,
 Thou canst trace his bright way
 Mid the meadow-depths' gentle gloom,
 What meteor at night
 Can rival his flight?
 What star hath his beauty or bloom?"

With such warm laudation
 Of each insect nation
 As specimens scarce to appear,
 The bee waxed indignant
 That man, all malignant,
 Should still run his dire career:

"Man is but a sparse creature
 In populous nature,
 Compared with flies, emmets and bees;
 And small his domain
 O'er mountain and plain
 Within the grand empire of these.

"Yet man, with a vanity
 Kin to insanity,
 Thinks all things were made for him!
 Though countless creations
 Of earth's generations
 Behold not a tyrant so grim.

"Yet he's tardy and wingless,
 Unarmored and stingless,
 Infested with numerous woes;
 He has no antennae,
 His legs are not many,
 And not even hooks to his toes!

"But with cruelty inbred
 He slaughters his kindred,
 And spares not a creature alive;
 Wrecks city and village
 With rapine and pillage,
 And stoops to the hoard of the hive."

Though the rustic's inspections
 Wrought gentle reflections
 Less pungent than those of the bee,
 They were fraught with good sense
 And kindness prepenze,
 Such as a good mower's should be.

—Richard Adams Locke,

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It is represented that men endowed with remarkable genius are (more than those less favored with intellect) prone to glaring faults or human weaknesses, and this strange idea is put down as a rule in life. But the rule is not "good," and we are falsely impressed in regard to it.

Byron was a sublime poet, and his conceptions are not without their failings, while the world is unfavorably impressed with the teachings of his moral character. Had Byron's genius, however, never been laid before the world, his failings would never have gained publicity. His mighty genius, only, laid bare his faults. Thousands of men holding exalted social positions possess the same traits of moral character as did Byron, but the bright fires of genius do not burn within them to light every dark corner of their existence.

What is often regarded as failings in men of genius, is in reality their power—the very means whereby they gain their triumphs and enlighten their fellows. During the early struggles of men of genius, their every-day life seems to produce no good results—either to themselves or anybody else. While seeking to expand the germs of their genius, they are apt to be regarded as visionary in their views, or are accused of idleness, and many have gone down to untimely graves, none having been conscious but themselves that a rare genius was their gift. But their brains were active, and if their mental toil could be known, they would be regarded as having been giant workers compared to their accusers.

It has been remarked of Pope that he passed most of his time in idleness; but a discerning critic observes that he was never at leisure, for he always had some poetical scheme in his head.

Dr. Johnson's sufferings were terrible while endeavoring to develop his talents, and many of his virtues were considered failings.

The memories of Shakspeare and Byron are clouded far beyond those of other poets, by means of charges accusing them of disgusting improprieties, but the extreme of the accusations which have been brought against them, it cannot be denied, remain actually unsubstantiated.

So-called severe measures, prompted by the genius of great military leaders, have been the means of their successes, and yet they are the very means which dim the lustre of their private worth.

Careful research, however, will convince the reader that the subject of this sketch was a man of genius, passing through life without a stain resting upon his name. He suffered merely the indignities of petty misrepresentations. The story of Sir Joshua Reynolds' life is elaborate, and, as a valuable lesson to rising generations, should be more often told. This illustrious English painter was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in the year 1723.

Two centuries previous but little was known of painting in England, but during the reign of Henry VIII. an impulse was given to the fine arts by this monarch, who seems to have called to his court Holbein and Titian, and employed them in portrait painting and in artistically embellishing the panels of his palaces. From this period up to the latter part of the seventeenth century the art had made considerable progress, and Sir James Thornhill appeared, who became eminent, and was known as the father of English landscape painting.

But after Thornhill, painting in England began to decline, and at the commencement of the reign of George I., it had sunk to a low state of degradation; but, eventually, "the matchless talent of Hogarth beamed forth in unapproachable splendor to gild the onward progress of the muse of painting, and to herald the appearance of a kindred spirit in the person of Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Knowing within himself that he possessed a genius for painting, Reynolds' mind dwelt upon the subject from a tender age, and it therefore became impossible for him to give his attention to the idea of following any other pursuit. Consequently, before he could develop his talents, he was regarded as an idler, and upon one of his first known efforts his father inscribed these bitter but thoughtless words:

"Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." But the toil of his brain was incessant, and silently did "idle" thinking ripen his genius, until he broke through all barriers and astonished the world with a "mind stored with ready images of beauty, and a hand capable of portraying them with truth and effect." When a mere boy, he read "Richardson's Treatise," and Malone remarks that it so inflamed his mind that Raphael appeared to him superior to the most illustrious names of ancient or modern times.

In his eighteenth year, Reynolds' enthusiasm attracted the attention of an influential neighbor, through whose aid he was sent to London and placed under the tuition of Hudson, who, though celebrated, was really a "man of little skill and less talent." Hudson gave his pupil drawings of Guercino to copy, and it is said that his execution was so faithful that it was with difficulty that the youth's pictures could be distinguished from the originals. At the end of two years the young artist produced a portrait of an aged servant woman of Hudson's with such decided effect that his master predicted the eminence he afterward attained. This picture was, through mistake, displayed in Hudson's gallery. It commanded such admiration that the "old man" became jealous, and the youth was returned to Devonshire.

Enraptured with love for an exquisite art, Reynolds now longed for a pilgrimage to Rome. His imagination had pictured its store of glowing beauties, and in dreams he had walked through the halls of the Vatican and beheld with cruel rapture the wondrous works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. At the age of twenty-six his desire to visit this "garden of the world" was gratified. Through the silent power of a patient and deserving genius, obstacles were rolled away, and the hitherto fastened gates were set ajar. Reynolds had won the friendship of Commodore Keppel, of the Royal Navy, who invited him to go on a cruise to the Mediterranean. He was thus enabled to visit Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Minorca. At the latter place the ship remained for three months, during which time Reynolds made his skill known, and he was enabled through the kindness of Keppel to paint the portraits of nearly all the officers of the garrison at that station. In this way he procured ready means, and the dream of his young life was soon realized, for he proceeded thence to Rome. With what eager steps must he have approached the portals of the Vatican; and we can imagine the beatings of his heart, as in that "wilderness of marble" he sought for the works of Raphael, the inspiration of whose fame had done so much to fire his genius; but, when found, he beheld them with disappointment, for they failed to impress him, and, in his own words, he felt "mortified at not finding himself enraptured with the works of so great a master." He "felt his ignorance, and stood abashed." But with a wisdom which is seldom exercised, he patiently studied the works of that supreme artist until he felt a "new taste and a new perception began to dawn upon him," and, ere his departure from Rome, became their "daily worshiper." Reynolds represented that the excellence of Raphael's style is not on the surface, but lies deep, and at the first view is seen but mistily. He remained in Italy three years, pursuing his studies with the closest attention. He formed an opinion that the paintings of ancient Greece resembled those of modern Rome, and that the "grand style" had descended direct from Apelles to Raphael. He spent but little time in copying the works of others, as he was afraid of imitating while his ambition was originality. He seems to have classified the excellences and peculiarities of supreme masters, and, making deductions therefrom, acquired a wonderful knowledge of "effect."

In his twenty-ninth year he settled in London, and it was at this period that his improvement in the art was discernible. While painting the head of a boy in a Turkish turban, his old tutor Hudson called to see it, but recognizing no trace of his own style, exclaimed: "Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England." The originality and splendor of his pictures, however, were soon acknowledged, and he had indeed created for England a new school, the merits of which were, perhaps, first prominently noticed in a full-length portrait of Keppel, which represented his friend and patron in the midst of a storm, walking with hurried step on the sea-shore. The attitude was a novelty in painting, and it attracted public attention. He sought not to produce mere likenesses, as had been the dull habit of artists before

him, but illuminated his portraits with animation; the very "minds, habits, and manners" of those who were so fortunate as to sit to him might be traced in his efforts.

Keppel's portrait proved the most attractive ever produced in England, and Reynolds was immediately employed to paint several "ladies of high quality," whose counterfeit presentments the fashionable and intellectual world flocked to see.

Like a magic wand the charms of his pencil now called to his studio the "opulence and beauty of the nation," and ere his death he had "perpetuated the features of the majority of the eminent and distinguished men of learning then living," and as a miser holds his gold, so have the nobility of England many of the paintings of this great master.

Reynolds was a careful reader of Shakspeare, and he selected some of the characters of that immortal poet as subjects for his skill, with results which added to the lustre of his career. He seemed to make the poetic power of Shakspeare breathe upon the canvas. His picture of the dying Cardinal Beaufort is thus spoken of by a critic: "This picture of the dying Beaufort is truly an impressive performance; the general hue of the picture is consonant to Shakspeare's awful scene—sober—grand—solemn. The excruciating agony of guilt and fear that writhes each limb, and fastens his convulsive fingers on the bed-clothes, makes each spectator shudder, and the face of the dying Cardinal has that agonized and horrid grin described by the poet:

"See how the pangs of death do make him grin."

The rare merit of this picture is that Reynolds portrays in the features of the devilish cardinal, that his dying agonies are not those of physical pain, but the horrors of a conscience burdened with guilt. It has been remarked that this is a distinction in expression of so nice a kind, that, perhaps, Raphael himself would have failed in attempting to execute it. Nor would Reynolds have succeeded had not his inventive genius called into requisition the "demon at the pillow." Northcote tells us that there were originally many and serious objections made to the fiend, and that he was earnestly importuned to erase it. "But he knew better," says Northcote, who adds that "even Shakspeare himself in his text has thought it requisite to employ his imagery in order to make his intentions more surely understood." Undoubtedly Shakspeare's words,

— "the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,"

were the words from which Reynolds drew his inspiration, and which gave him authority for introducing what was considered by many at the time as an unartistic feature in painting.

I believe that Sir Joshua studied Shakspeare as a means of perfecting his artistic skill—that his marvelous hand in tracing those delicate tints—in the truthful drawing of light, shade and contrast—in giving repose to and placing the stamp of nature upon his works, was often governed by impressions received upon his mind while carefully perusing the poetical effusions of England's bard. He was thorough in his knowledge of Shakspeare's writings; the friends with whom he most associated were Shakspearean scholars, among whom may be mentioned Garrick, Johnson, and Malone. Reynolds differed from other eminent authority in his line, when in one of his papers he states that painting has its best plea for claiming kindred with its sister poetry from the power which like her it can exercise over the imagination, and he adds that it is to this power that the true painter of genius directs his aim. Take this admission in connection with an observation he makes on a scene in *Macbeth*: "The dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, while they are approaching the gates of *Macbeth's* castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed repose. This conversation naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air, and Banquo observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks that where those birds most breed and haunt the air is delicate. The subject of easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds," etc., etc. In this description he seems to breathe the very soul of the painter's inspiration; and, without producing the effects of "repose" and "contrast" in his works (which Sir Joshua, through the agency of

Shakspeare, thus faithfully defines), no artist need ever hope to excel.

"The piece wants repose" is an expression used by painters, and upon this subject, said a student of Reynolds, Sir Joshua, on a certain occasion, sought to explain by entering upon a critical review of both painters and poets, and introducing his "Excellent Notes on *Macbeth*."

Sir Joshua's painting of "*Macbeth with the Witches*" is one of his happiest works, while his conception of Puck, in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," in point of animation has been pronounced unparalleled. Others of his Shakspearean pictures are from "*King Lear*," and "*The Tempest*." He painted "*Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy*," also Mrs. Siddons as the "*Tragic Muse*." He contemplated painting Garrick standing full length in the foreground of a large picture, surrounded by the characters in Shakspeare which that famous actor had assumed on the stage; also the closet scene in "*Hamlet*;" but these designs, it is to be regretted, were never carried into execution.

In his elegant and instructive discourses, delivered before the students of the Royal Academy, over which he presided, evidence can repeatedly be found to show that Shakspeare was the silent guide to whom Sir Joshua looked while ascending the giddy heights of fame. Northcote observed of these discourses that the elegance and chastity of their style had very rarely, if ever, been equaled by the most eminent writers.

It was for his virtues and private worth, as well as his talents and genius, that he was regarded as "a distinguished ornament of the British nation." His mind was of happy and calm composure. When his profession had won for him the means, he lived in great elegance, but it was the elegance of refinement, and those who were the guests at his hospitable table seemed to feel that the "mind should predominate over the body," and that the honors of "turtlet and the haunch should give place to the feast of wit."

Dr. Johnson remarked of him that he was the most invulnerable man he ever knew, and that were he to get into a quarrel with him, should not know how to abuse him. From all accounts we may conclude that his talents were the diamonds of art, and his virtues the pearls of private and social life.

Reynolds died in his sixty-ninth year, and ere he was laid in the grave, the orator and statesman, Burke, thus spoke of his career:

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candor never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye, in any part of his conduct or discourse. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail! and farewell!"

—Joseph Watson.

SKETCHES IN OLD NEWPORT.

AMONG the thousands of visitors to the fashionable Newport of modern times, and of the gay world, during the past summer, few, perhaps, saw the interior of those quaint old houses which so evidently have belonged to a former generation.

It was my own good fortune, a year or two since, as often in my childhood, to be an inmate of one of these, and to learn a good deal about that generation of whom only a remnant now remains, though longevity was one of their most marked and frequent peculiarities.

This house was built in 1700 by the grandfather of the gentleman who last occupied it. This gentleman was himself past his eighty-fifth year at the time of my late visit, and has since then been carried to the final home of his ancestors.

The building was of wood, but constructed in the most substantial manner, and, having been always kept in good repair, had no appearance of dilapidation or decay. The gable end fronts the street, and the roof has a double pitch, at first being rather flat, but suddenly slanting down into a grade more nearly perpendicular. Originally, the sides as well as the roof were covered with shingles, but progress and "modern improvement," somewhere about the year 1760, changed the lower shingles into oaken clap-

boards, which still remain, and are now well covered with many successive coats of paint.

Within are many rooms, of various shapes and sizes, queer closets, and narrow passage-ways leading to unexpected chambers or stairways. But the seeming mystery of the plan upon which the house was built is explained when once you come to observe the chimney. One would imagine that this immense pile had been built first, and then rooms put together around it till there were enough of them to make a house. So completely does it compel everything else to its own shape and size!

It is, at its base, twelve feet square. Large enough for a small bedroom! Indeed, I once saw in Illinois a new house to which the owner had just taken his bride, which measured only two feet more in length, while the width was just the same as this chimney.

Ascending, its size is gradually diminished to the top, but not in a regular pyramidal slant, for on the second floor all sorts of odd closets and cupboards nestle in curious corners and crannies excavated in its capacious sides. Nor are the chambers less fantastic in their shapes, all having been bent to the one fixed fact, the chimney, and accommodating themselves, each in its own way, to that and to the fire-place deemed essential to every room. So they open out of or into each other, or upon the passage-ways, as may be; and whatever way we go we seem to be making discoveries continually of hitherto unsuspected apartments. A delightful old house to wander about in, superlatively delightful for the grandchildren's game of hide-and-seek.

But we must not linger within, for there are many curious things to be observed without.

What will particularly excite the surprise of a stranger, and especially of one coming from the West, is the narrowness of the streets in the old part of the town. The width of Thames Street, in which are the principal dry-goods stores, banks, and the market, is only thirty feet, inclusive of the sidewalks. These last are so contracted also, that two people can barely walk comfortably together, and two couples meeting can only pass by the stepping off into the gutter of the outside ones of each party. In the new and now fashionable part of town all this is changed, and wide avenues invite the elegant turn-outs of the millionaires who have here their summer homes.

Not only is the aspect of the town itself antique; it has within it also several notable antiquities.

Everybody sees, and wonders at, and surmises about "the old mill," the oldest structure, probably, now standing upon this continent, or at any rate upon the northern half of the continent. In the town records there is a will dated December 24th, 1677, in which the testator bequeaths "the stone mill and the lot on which it stands," to his "dear daughter, God's-gift Arnold," the testator signing to the will the same name which, a hundred years later, bore such unpleasant fame in our national history—Benedict Arnold.

Everybody hears the famous and grand old organ of Trinity Church, inscribed: "The Gift of George Berkely, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne," which was bestowed upon the church corporation nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, after the good bishop had returned from America to his native land. But some who listen to the organ, and read its inscription, may fail to notice the crown by which it is still surmounted, a curious relic of the colonial days.

A few moments' walk will take us past the Friends' Meeting House, through "Meeting Street," to the cemetery, where lie the remains of a great multitude; and here we shall find some of the oldest inscriptions known in our country. Several of the graves lie beneath broad slabs of slate, on which the words are nearly effaced by time; but we can trace the figures in one instance of 1638, in another of 1640, and many of dates in the latter half of that century. One is the tomb of William Jefferay, who was, if tradition be true, one of the judges by whom Charles I. was condemned to death. It is covered by a large slab of gray stone, and has a poetic epitaph, below the disfiguring representation, at its head, of a skull and cross-bones, a favorite style of ornamentation in those days. He died in 1675.

Commodore Perry's monument brings us nearer to the present time. It is a shaft of granite; a single stone twenty-three feet high and standing upon a pedestal ten feet in height. It is on the top of a graceful slope, where it can be seen from all parts of the beautiful grounds. Here we will take our leave of the dear old town.

—H. Emily Baker.



GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE. — SPECHT.

CLOUD-PICTURES.

Who has not discovered curious and complete pictures presented in the sky by the clouds? Cloud-forms in the shape of animals, easily traceable with a little exercise of the imagination, are common; but often complete pictures, emulating some mundane view, are discernible, if sought for. Hamlet, when he directed Polonius' attention to the cloud-form, showed himself to be a close and philosophical observer of the phenomenon of nature in the sky:

Hamlet.—Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius.—By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet.—Methinks it is like a weasel?

Polonius.—It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet.—Or like a whale?

Polonius.—Very like a whale!

I have traced a recumbent King Charles spaniel in the sky, distinct enough to be recognized by several others, the jagged edges of the clouds which formed the outline indicating the shaggy coat, and filling in very nicely the details, which, seen in the distance, were not, of course, thoroughly distinct. Huge images, especially of enormous faces, like Hawthorne's

Old Man of the Mountain, are frequently to be traced in the cloud-forms. But the pictures interest me more and oftener engage my attention; and I indulge in the theory that the cloud-forms are reproductions of mundane scenes. There was a painting in the winter exhibition at the National Academy of Design several seasons ago, which delineated a succession of clouds rising from the horizon into formidable towers, the effect being that of some mediæval tower in a distant sunset. The picture was ridiculed by some of the critics, but I have frequently noticed the effect which the artist reproduced. Mountain scenery, in which there is an astonishing minuteness of detail in undulations and light and shade and perspective from massing, is very fine in the grand picture gallery of the sky. The Alps are often presented in the groups of snowish cloud-towers; while the dark blue of the distant mountain side is reproduced in the rolling masses of leadish hue. Mountain scenery, however, is the commonest form of cloud-picture. Water effects, like the waves of a "mackerel sky," or the gentle, undulating fleece between darker masses, like a streamlet through a marsh, are also frequent. I do not say that these pictures are intelligent to every one; there are some

people who cannot see the man in the moon, which even the dogs recognize and bay at.

Cloud-forms are always picturesque and often curiously fantastic; and castles with towers, and something grand, like mountains or stretches of snow-fields, are frequently visible. I have never seen a "plain" or inartistic picture presented in the sky. All the lines are the lines of beauty. There is nothing angular; the outlines are rounded or artistically jagged. A conflagration or the setting sun produces some wonderful effects in the sky, and artists occasionally reproduce them. I do not believe that Church's "Banner in the Sky" was a fantasy. Architectural ruins are frequently pictured, possessing a realism that is astonishing.

An effect frequently produced by the clouds gathering in the sky is that of a bay, inlet, tributary and islands; and of this description are many cloud-pictures, the clouds forming the topographical outline, the intervening blue or gray constituting the water; bold headlands jut out into the sea. The pictures presented in the sky when the sinking sun colors and gilds the clouds are fantastic in their several transformations, and rival in every respect, in grandeur, purity, and often, also, in variety of color and



AN IDLE DOG. — JOHN S. DAVIS.

boldness of execution and design, any transformation scene yet presented on the stage. Some of the cloud-pictures on wintry moonlight nights suggest scenes in the arctic regions, the cloud-masses being snowy white. The effect of an iceberg floating in a clear sea of cerulean blue is common at this season. The moon affords but one grade of color—pearliness and a gray tint; it requires the effulgence of the sun to produce the hues of the rainbow, all of which are sometimes presented in the pictures by day, especially at sunset.

—Chandos Fulton.

AN IDLE DOG.

EVERY village has its idle dog, its "ne'er do well," who delights to dream time away, as if it were not the golden sand of which life is made. Born under some

dimly flickering star, the flames of life at best burn but feebly in his veins. Constitutionally lazy, he floats like a waif through life, sailless, rudderless, compassless. How he contrives to pass the long summer days, when the very air is full of busy life, is a mystery to the brisk, ever-contriving, far-reaching business man; to the earnest student who sighs at the rapid flight of time, and groans when he reflects on the brevity of life. The sedative indifference, the idle repose of the hero of the picture, has been admirably depicted by Mr. Davis. "A sorry chap," rare old Izaak Walton would doubtless have called him, had he ever witnessed so primitive an attempt at fishing as the picture shows to us. Leaning against a wall, in the cool shade cast by leafy boughs, by the side of a dashing mill-race, he is, as likely as not, fishing with a pin for sun-fish, chub, pouts, shiners, and cat-fish. And if he should catch a whole basket-

ful of such game, their value would almost equal the day's earnings of the man who lounges about bar-rooms, gossips, and sucks at the stem of a clay pipe! If we could imagine him a "culprit fay," with a stain upon his wing, we are sure it would forever remain there, since he would never have energy enough, when the sturgeon arched the smooth surface of the water with his mimic bows, to

"dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow."

A perfect picture of contentment, with simple wants and few, even the "idle dog" of the village teaches a lesson to mankind which may not pass unheeded in an age of luxury, overwork, and unnatural excitement. The best of men need to vegetate at times, rest and grow, that physical and mental recuperation may bring back health.

WHEN THE WORLD GETS GREEN.

THE world is brown to-day, dear,
The skies are overcast,
Our paths all rustle mournfully
With dead leaves of the past.
But every year, remember, dear,
The winter's loss is seen,
And every year we laugh at loss
When the world gets green.

The world is brown, to-day, dear,
Our boughs are very bare;
And not a bird with prophet song
Uplifts the heavy air;
But every year, remember, dear,
We learn what bare boughs mean,
And every year the birds come back
When the world gets green.

Our hearts are very silent, dear,
Like nests in winter-time.
And round the empty, sunless things
No coaxing tendrils twine.
But every year, remember, dear,
The empty nests are seen;
And full nests always take their place
When the world gets green.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

WITH marks of a rough, stormy life all over him, a man of about fifty years, gray and sunburnt, sat in my office. I found him there when I went in one morning not long ago.

"Here is somebody waiting for you, Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow.

I looked around, and the man rose and held out his hand.

"Averill—my name is Averill," said he, looking sharply at me out of a pair of shrewd gray eyes. "I am an old friend of your mother; but I have not met her for a matter of five-and-twenty years. So I thought I'd call and ask after her and her family."

"I am glad to see you," said I. "Are you a relative of my mother?"

"No," replied Mr. Averill. "We were of the same name, but not connected—unless it may be very distantly. I used to know her and her folks, though, as well as I did my own sisters, and better, too. Let's see—where is your Aunt Augusta now?"

"She is living with her children in Portland," said I. "Pretty well, is she, do you know?" asked Mr. Averill.

"Very well when we heard last. Aunt Augusta has good children and a pleasant home, and seems quite happy."

"Um-m-m-m! That is nice," said Mr. Averill, fumbling at a rough nugget of gold that hung as a charm from his watch-chain.

I hadn't much to do that day, so I talked off and on with my visitor till it was time to go home, and then took him along with me: I left him in the sitting-room and went to find mother. She was mixing biscuits for supper, looking through her glasses, and singing a snatch of some old, half-forgotten love-ditty of her youth.

"Mother!" said I, breaking in upon her song. "Come in the other room. An old friend of yours wants to see you."

Mother looked up over her glasses.

"An old friend? 'Tisn't any of the Maine folks, is it?" she asked.

Because, if it was so much as a dog that had trotted across a corner of the State of Maine, on his four legs, mother would have run, with her arms out and a smile of welcome, without stopping to even wash the dough off her hands. As it was, with only an indefinite thought of seeing "an old friend," she went, with a dust of flour on her nose, and without her company cap.

As soon as she had stepped inside the sitting-room door, she stood and looked at her guest, and he stood and looked at her.

"It is Sam, as true as you are born!" she said, at last.

Then they both laughed, and then they both wiped their eyes, though they didn't seem like that sort of people, especially Mr. Averill.

I never knew mother to forget her housekeeping before, but this time she let the biscuit burn till they were black as my shoe; and when she mixed some more she put in sugar instead of salt, and left out the saleratus altogether. But her cheeks grew pink, and her cap strings flew, and she nor her guest seemed to know the difference.

"Oh, honey!" cried my mother, hopping up from the tea-table as soon as she was seated. "You haven't lost your sweet tooth, have you, Sam?"

"How you do remember!" returned Sam, admiringly.

"I should think I ought to," answered my mother, with a girlish laugh. "The way you used to pick up walnuts to carry to the cross-roads store and trade for molasses and make candy of! Speaking of the cross-roads store, I wonder if you know our old storekeeper's daughter, she that was Sarah Curly, has lost her husband?"

"No, has she? Strange I never heard of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as astonished as though he had been hearing from his old neighbors every week.

"Yes," said my mother. "She married one of old Si Seaver's boys, the oldest one, Jonathan, and he died sudden,—all at once; well, it must be something like half-a-dozen years ago,—and left his wife and so many children—five children or else six, I don't know which."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Averill, passing his honey plate for the third time. No, evidently he had not lost his sweet tooth.

After supper, mother washed up the dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill smoked his pipe and listened. It was the first time I ever allowed anybody to smoke in my house, but I had nothing to say now. I even filled his pipe and lighted it for him. And then he told the story of his life, which had been full of strange and interesting adventures. He was evidently a man who did not read much and who could not have written well, but he could talk; not always grammatically, perhaps, but always with force and fascination.

It seemed that years and years ago, his father and my mother's father lived in a town in the valley of the Kennebec. My mother's father was a large farmer and Mr. Averill's father was a very small farmer with a very large family. So his youngest son, Sam, came to work for my grandfather. My mother and my aunt Augusta were young girls—they were twins, and I suppose by the way they look now that they must have been pretty then. My mother was early engaged and married to my father; but there was Augusta, and there was Sam; and where one was you might usually find the other near at hand. Sam never said anything, he was not of a demonstrative kind, but he knew how he felt, and he supposed Augusta knew too.

So the years budded and blossomed and brought forth fruit, until at last Sam went down to Connecticut to take charge of a saw-mill for an uncle of his. He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt Augusta wrote to him; and now and then he came to Maine on business, always going to my grandfather's before he went home, and carrying himself toward Augusta like an accepted lover.

After a few years he found himself possessed of twelve thousand dollars, and immediately went to work to spend it. He went abroad, to England and Rome and Egypt and Paris and Germany and Sweden and Russia and everywhere. When he came home at last it was with only fifty dollars in his pocket. So next he went out among the copper mines of Lake Superior, and in time was again possessed of twelve thousand dollars.

"Now I will come home and marry Augusta, and settle down," said he to himself. But he didn't say it to anybody else. It never occurred to him that was necessary.

Meantime my Aunt Augusta had not stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for the gardener to come and pick it. She cast out her roots and threw up her branches and bloomed as though it was enough to fulfill the laws of being and beauty for their own sakes.

In that simple neighborhood work was supposed to be the chief end of everybody. So Aunt Augusta learned vest-making, and then she went to Coos, where her brother Nathan lived, and set up for herself.

Coos was a little crumb of a town in those days; but it held up its head and had its stores and its mills, and its shops, and its great white meeting-house on a hill, with galleries on three sides and square pews and a high box pulpit.

The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta went there, she climbed the hill, of course, and went in the front pew with Uncle Nathan and his wife. She was fashionably dressed in a black crape gown, a scarlet shawl and a white silk bonnet with pink roses inside.

Her cheeks were as pink as her roses, and her eyes were as black as her gown.

There was no need that Mr. Keeler should point her out to the young men, but he took the pains to do it. Mr. Keeler, the minister, was a little lank man, as plain and gray as a dor-bug, and so afraid of the pomps and vanities that he wouldn't wear buttons on his coat. No sooner had his eyes fallen on Aunt Augusta, settling herself in the front pew like a variegated tulip, than he dropped the subject he had started upon for his sermon, and began to preach against conformity to the world. He was a sincere, earnest man, and he preached with all his might, emphasizing and illustrating his words by pointing with his blunt finger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses. So if anybody had neglected to look at them before, they looked then.

Among those who were obedient to the ministerial forefinger was Abner Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abner Stanton's heart was a good deal like his iron—not easily melted—but when it once had been hammered into a shape, there it was, fixed and steadfast. And to-day Aunt Augusta's eyes went through it like red-hot arrows as he peered around at her from behind one of the pillars in the gallery.

The next day he came to get a vest made. The day after, he came to bring the buttons for it; and the day after that he thought, as he was going by, he would call and see if she had everything she needed, and how soon the vest would be done. It was not two days more before he was there again to bring a letter.

"I happened to see it at the post-office when I went after my paper, and so I brought it along. I could as well as not," said he.

The letter was from Sam Averill, telling about the luck he had had in mining, the weather, and the fact that he was well. Nothing more; nothing about the home he was building in his fancy, and the figure that was always central in his thoughts.

"I hope," said my uncle Nathan, "you are not foolish enough to set your mind on such a rolling stone as Sam Averill. He has no continuity to him."

"If we are going to hunt for a man that has no faults in this world, we'll have a long road of it," returned Aunt Augusta, bearing down the heavy pressing-iron upon her seam as though she were trying to crush the life out of something.

In less than a week Abner Stanton called again. He thought perhaps Miss Augusta didn't know the swamp-pinks were out, and so he brought her a handful, that he got on the way over from Cowesett.

Aunt Augusta had a weakness for flowers—she and my mother are alike about that—and she put a cluster of the blossoms in her hair at once, and another at her throat, while Abner Stanton looked at her with admiration in every hair of his head.

"If you were a sister of mine, you should always sit in a rocking-chair and wear swamp-pinks!" said he.

"Abner Stanton is a most excellent man," quoth Uncle Nathan, when he had gone his way, "an esquire and a head man in town. He's all wheat and no chaff. He'll make a first rate of a husband, and the girl who gets him will get a prize."

Aunt Augusta made some fierce clippings with her great tailor's shears, but she said nothing, and presently went up-stairs to answer Sam Averill's letter.

The next day Abner Stanton called to see Uncle Nathan on business, and she sent her letter to the office by him. So the months drifted along one after another like pictures in a magic-lantern. Abner Stanton came often on one excuse or another, or on none. He brought flowers and berries strung on grass, and sweet flag-root and birds' eggs. He was never intrusive with his love, but he made Aunt Augusta conscious of it every step she walked and with every breath she breathed. It was below her, above her, and all around her. He often brought her letters from Sam, and carried hers for him to the office.

"All things are fair in love," said he to himself. So now and then he forgot to mail, or to deliver one, dropping it in the fire instead. At last, as his love grew hotter and more impatient, he kept them back altogether, and still never allowed Aunt Augusta to lose sight or thought of himself.

Thus the time passed, until Sam Averill having made and lost and made again his twelve thousand dollars among the copper mines, came home to "marry Augusta and settle down."

Suddenly one day he appeared before my uncle Nathan, travel-worn and brown and shaggy. My uncle received him with great cordiality.

"Sam, I'm glad to see you!" said he. "How have you fared all this great long time?"

"Fair to middling. Where's Augusta?" returned Sam.

"Oh, Augusta! She is all right. You go to the tavern and fix up, and I'll find Augusta. I will be around in an hour or so and call for you. Augusta will be proper glad to see you, and so'll the rest of the folks. I don't know when there has been such a surprise in Coos before."

So Sam went off with his honest heart to find a razor and a wash bowl, and my uncle Nathan did a very mean thing. He went straight to Abner Stanton. "Abner," said he, going into the smithy, out of breath, "Sam Averill has come, and you must go right up and get Augusta to name the day, or you will lose her. I'll keep him out of the way as long as I can."

Abner dropped his hammer, without saying a word, and went up the street, rolling down his shirt-sleeves as he went. An hour after Uncle Nathan came home with Sam Averill.

"Here is an old friend you will be glad to see, Augusta," said he, opening the door of my aunt's workroom, where she sat stitching the pocket of a primrose-colored vest, and looking fresh as a hundred primroses herself.

"It is Sam!" said she faintly, starting to her feet and dropping her work.

It was Sam. Sam came at last, with his long-smoldering love and his tardy speaking.

"You are too late! An hour too late," said my aunt Augusta, when he had told his errand East. "I have just engaged myself to another man."

"You haven't done right, Augusta," said Sam. "You belong to me: you have always belonged to me, and you ought to have waited till I came."

"You didn't say anything," returned my aunt, with a little pride. "How was I to know what you meant? You never spoke a word."

"I took it you knew my mind," returned Sam. "I never thought of anybody else. I never should think of anybody else, and it didn't occur to me that you would. You must marry this person now you have promised him, of course. But it isn't right and it never will be right."

"Mr. Stanton is a worthy man; just as good as gold, clear through to the core. I have always liked him, and you never said anything," repeated my poor aunt Augusta; "I will be your friend, though, just the same."

They said no more; there was nothing more to be said, and in a month Aunt Augusta and Abner Stanton were married. Sam Averill stayed till after the wedding, and then he went off, and had never been heard of again until to-day by Aunt Augusta's family.

He went to California, throwing his whole life into work; his work prospered, and he had come back now with houses and lands and gold and mines—a rich man. He had come back to find Aunt Augusta, and learn how the world had fared with her. For in all these years of buying and selling and getting gain, he had kept the empty room in his heart that had once been filled by his love.

Aunt Augusta's married life had not been happy. It is very dangerous for a man to take in a mean habit temporarily, for it will stick to him, and Abner Stanton's character never recovered from the twist those intercepted letters gave it. I don't know what, but something was always going wrong between them. Even their children proved barriers instead of bonds. As he grew older his natural economy and thrift became stronger and stronger, until, as my mother said, "he got so close he could sit, and seven more like him, on a three-cent piece." Finally, one day, under some provocation, he told Aunt Augusta about the lost letters.

"You oughtn't to have told me that, Abner," said she. "You ought not to have told me. I can never forgive you."

She never did. Always after, there seemed to be something separating them, cold and hard and transparent as ice, until at last they agreed to live apart. And so they did until the death of Mr. Stanton. Now Aunt Augusta was living surrounded by her children and grandchildren, happy and comfortable.

Mother brought down thus the story of Aunt Augusta's life, while Mr. Averill listened, eager and excited. When she had finished he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and starting up, began to walk the floor.

"I will start for Portland to-morrow morning and see what Augusta will have to say to me. I am of

the same mind I always was. I've never hankered for a moment after any other woman, and I am as ready to marry her to-day as ever I was."

So the next day I saw him on the Portland train, gray with years, but youthful with expectation.

This time he did not waste his opportunity by waiting to make himself fine, but with the grime and dust of travel yet upon him, he went directly to the house of Aunt Augusta's daughter, with whom she is living.

"Where is Mrs. Stanton? I want to see her right away," said he, as soon as the door was opened.

"You will find her here; walk in, if you please," replied the housemaid, throwing open the door of the sitting-room.

Mr. Averill stepped quickly forward. Yes, there she sat, stitching away as before on some kind of primrose-colored stuff, with her eyes as black and bright as ever. But the primroses were faded in her cheeks, and she wore a cap on her head.

"I have come for you again, Augusta. Am I too late this time?" cried the impatient lover.

The roses came back to Aunt Augusta's cheeks, and the red-hot arrows shot out of her eyes once more.

"Bless us! If it isn't Sam Averill, nose and all!" she said, holding up her hands.

From twenty to fifty is but as a watch in the night, then the years are past; and it is only when an old lady nods triumphantly at you from the looking-glass, saying, "Here I am, my dear!" or when children that you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of full-grown men and women, that you remember one is no longer young at fifty. But the sight of Sam Averill's gray hairs and wrinkles were as good as a looking-glass to remind Aunt Augusta.

"Sit down, Sam," said she, "and let me look at you. It seems like the real old times to see you once more. You look wonderful natural, but dear me, how you have changed! You've grown old as well as myself."

But Mr. Averill was not to be diverted by any side issues.

"Augusta," said he, earnestly, "I made a serious mistake once. It was not a mistake about my own mind, however; that remains the same it always was. Every woman I've ever seen seemed like a tallow candle beside the sun when I think of you. I have made my fortune, and all I want now is you to come and share it with me. It is you, or nobody, just as it always was."

Maybe Aunt Augusta's heart throbbed a little with the old yearning toward the love of her youth, but she shook her head with unhesitating decision, as she put out her hand to stir the cradle where her youngest grandchild lay asleep.

"It can never be, Sam," said she. "I won't deny that it was all a mistake my marrying Stanton. He didn't turn out to be the man I took him for. He proved contrary and ornery, and beside he wrote letters in disguise. But that is all over and past, and can't be undone. And now I am in the midst of my children with my grandchildren growing up about me, and I am in my right place. I shouldn't be contented to leave everything and go off to a new country to begin the world over again, as it were. I am too old an oak to be transplanted."

Well, after that Mr. Averill might have talked till he was at the age of Methuselah. Aunt Augusta had made up her mind, and an earthquake couldn't shake it.

So Mr. Averill again went away alone.

"Well, Amelia, Augusta wouldn't have a word to say to me," said he, walking in upon mother and me as we sat at supper a few evenings after, "not a word."

"I want to know if that is so!" cried mother, fluttering up after another plate and knife. "Lay your overcoat right off and sit by and have a cup of tea with us. Augusta always was decided, and you couldn't turn her after she got her mind fixed. She wouldn't keep you waiting long for your answer, either. Well, it is likely it is for the best; we will hope so," pursued mother, reaching over to put an extra lump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup, as though to sweeten life if possible for him.

"It serves me right in taking it for granted that Augusta understood my intentions. I must have been a self-conceited, inconsiderate fool. But it seems hard that a body can't work his way out of a blunder in a whole lifetime."

Mother looked full of sympathy, and dropped another lump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup. To my

astonishment he seemed to relish it the better, as if life were growing sweeter and sweeter.

Mother and Mr. Averill sat up late that night; so late that as I had had a hard day, I went off to bed and left them talking over old times and purring like a couple of cats by the kitchen fire.

After breakfast the next morning, mother followed me into the hall when I started for the office.

"I want to speak with you, Elwell, just a minute," said she, stroking my coat-sleeve, tremulously. "What should you say to my going back to California along with Mr. Averill?"

"You, mother!" I cried, feeling as though the world had tumbled off its axis. "Why, it is Aunt Augusta he wants. 'It is Augusta, or nobody!'"

"Yes, so it was," returned mother, humbly, "but Sam says I seem more like Augusta, as she used to be, than she does herself. To tell you the truth, Elwell," continued mother, humbler still, "I suppose it wouldn't have taken much to turn me toward Sam in my young days; I always thought the world and all of him; but he seemed to take rather more to Augusta. She was always nineteen to the dozen, and I never could hold my own against her. And then your father, he came along, and I never was sorry it happened as it did. But now you don't need me, and Sam and I have about concluded to make arrangements, only I told him I must have a talk with you first and get your advice."

Get my advice! Dear little mother! I was not idiotic enough to offer it if I had any advice to give. So she and Mr. Averill went on and "made arrangements."

Which arrangements were that that day two weeks, after a quiet wedding at the minister's, they started off for California together, to begin life anew on each other's account, as blithe and joyous as two birds on the wing.

—Frances Lee.

IMAGINATIVE FRIENDSHIPS.

FOREIGNERS in America complain that our friendships of to-day are neglected to-morrow. We do not, they say, follow up our protestations; we are on the alert for new interests. Perhaps there is some inconstancy in the national mind. It is customary to say that the French have no word for home; but they have the abiding fact. Is it not a serious thing that there are so few permanent homesteads among us? In France, despite of the missing word, there is the important fact that home-life exists, and in it there is a sacredness and tender care which is not too frequent in this bustling country, where every man is in anxious haste to change his house for a better one. There is a nearness, an intimacy, a habit of friendship there for which we have, alas! little time as yet in America. There all its little observances are kept up. For instance, the seat at table is always reserved for the old friend who comes without invitation.

When I am invited to the house of a friend, I feel as if a great compliment were paid to me. Surely it is an honor to be bidden into the well-guarded home circle, to be made free of its intimacies, and of the winning unwordliness that often exists in it! I once had letters of introduction to some Scotch families who lived near Edinburgh. When I reached their houses, I found their gardens surrounded with high walls; and servants undid the gates to me, as the barriers of the Syrian mountain monasteries that Curzon visited were let down to travelers. I felt myself (to be) admitted to a place that was in some sort sacred.

There is doubtless something attractive about open doors and unguarded welcomes; and these are, indeed, a natural feature of life in new countries. But the choicer life and friendship are not so nurtured. We need more care in guarding the entrance to our homes; but when that entrance is given, we need more heartiness and depth of feeling, whether as guest or as entertainer.

One fault of our careless social intercourse is the opportunity that it gives for the obtrusion of friendship. I wish to make complaint of aggressive friendships from which I have suffered—invasion of my inner self. Why should we suffer siege and assault at the hands of persons who are determined to possess us? I do not fancy that my experience in this respect is peculiar, nor am I vain of it. For those peremptory people would seem to regard me as a sort of abandoned territory, a waste which should become the lawful property of any wanderer who might enter a claim. I am obliged to repel, at first

courteously, yet sometimes even as by force, these armed intrusions, this violent colonization of my bosom. Though I may have put up no sign warning trespassers away, yet I must retain authority there. We are told that the kingdom of heaven may be taken by force; not so the kingdom of the heart. I, for one, do not wish to be carried by assault. Until I had met such importunities as these, I had supposed that I was to have a voice in choosing my intimates. But there are people who appoint themselves your friends and lovers; they tenant you without asking permission; they come upon you while you are asleep; courtesy they mistake for a welcome; if you proffer friendship, they take it for love. Nothing else will satisfy the clamorous sentiment that summons us to give ourselves entirely up, to capitulate to the invading force without making terms. The beleaguered youth thinks of Juliet's "I have no joy of this contract; it is so unadvised, so sudden." He who began, somewhat in surprise, to concede his friendship, is now required to assume the heroic rôle, to utter protestations, to make pledges and sacrifices as a lover. He shrinks from this imperious regard; he says, "Why summon me, under penalty of reproach, to declare myself in the romantic vein? I did not go about to please you, any more than the girl in the song, when

" 'Nobody axed you, sir,' she said."

He can, in short, return only temperate for ardent friendship, and he is reproached in consequence for coldness. The rain falls upon his little flame of amity and puts out all the tenderness that might have burned up brightly enough if it had not been quenched. Friendship is a plant that often thrives under the watering-pot; but sentiment is a spark that nothing ruder than fanning will encourage. Some women spend enough energy in reproaching men with coldness to make them, with a proper conversion of forces, valuable friends.

The situation is pathetic, when for ardent affection proffered only a mild regard is returned. But one has to notify these imperative people sooner or later that their pursuit is hopeless. In consequence of such misadventures, I sometimes resolve to avoid these enterprises of the affections, and attend to my own advances or to none. Why should I not be content with two or three persons, with my books and studies? Why care for so many people, winning some, retaining others, avoiding others who approach with the air of affectionate cannibals? There are unpalatable friendships offered sometimes. I admire the people of many attachments, of genial, hearty friendships; yet I have always enjoyed, with a peculiar delight, those flowers of the mind, slow growing, certain, and temperate amities, which have not been forced on either side; which are hardly cultivated with intention by either party to them. Such persons I sip like wine. Clara glances across the room with the level beams of her star-like eyes; we are seldom nearer; yet I never feel otherwise than that we are near. Once a friend, always a friend. I meet her at the lecture, or literary club; our words are few, but of the pleasantest; we regret we have not time for more; meanwhile a steady, delicate friendship holds its own between us. Yet she thinks that because I do not visit her, I value her friendship lightly. She never was more mistaken. Oscura chats with me lightly, communicating somewhat of her blithe, coy spirit—a choice aroma, the very grape and peach-bloom of kindness. These faces are allurement of friendship and of love; yet some shy demon hinders us from gaining the full commonplace friendship, keeping us apart; while I for one feel continually better acquainted, though neither of us say so.

Are these the friends whom there is risk of loving too well,—if that be a risk,—friends whose affections are already bound? Such persons do not know

how much I prize them, how delicate and unhandseled is the light touch of their companionship. These are friendships of the highest refinement. With fuller opportunity, they might become intimacies; and yet—is it wrong in me?—I seldom take that opportunity.

There is a perverse periodicity about the tide of sentiment; the rare hours in friendship are indeed rare, and he is happy who can count as many hours of perfect intimacy in a year as its months. No plan or concert can be too carefully made to aid the coming of such hours. When one has gained the mood of confidence, the other is too often irresponsible; the happy coincidence is lacking. When two friends find that rare conjunction of mood, then their lives grow fast together. It takes but few such hours to seal an intimacy.

I have, indeed, a romantic confidence in those who I am thus convinced are my friends. Perhaps, indeed, I carry it to a dangerous extreme. When I know the grain of a man, I trust the bond of friendship for the longest times; I permit the link to be



"A child no more! a maiden now—
A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow."

drawn out across the broadest chasms of time and absence, as if the thread were imperishable and could not snap or decay, though it run through the grasses of a broad continent, or lie under the waters of an ocean. I would not have my friendship like a bank account, which may be overdrawn, or like a city, which may be burned; but like the ownership of imperishable acres. One of my best friends went to Asia, and for twelve years neither of us found it necessary to write each other a line. It was understood that we were to be friends in any event, and no further assurance was necessary. I find that I seek those whom I wish to prove more frequently than those of whose friendship I am assured. When I know you, why should I run after you? Let us leave our meetings to be appointed by the good fates, unless these prove too sluggish for our satisfaction.

This doctrine, which will apply to a few rare friendships, will hardly answer in the case of a warmer feeling. In the case of many friends this temperate way is dangerous; it is too ideal a method for ordinary practice, and will lose some friends. It is based upon the most romantic constancy; and yet is often misnamed fickleness. Only an imaginative nature

will enjoy such compacts of friendship as those I have described. Love demands a nearer intimacy. Nor do I argue that imaginative friendships are for all the world. They have their own sweet experiences, but they are not human nature's daily food. Whether, if they were, human nature would be better than it is now, is a question that I must leave with the reader, now that the mediæval courts of love exist no longer, for his or her decision.

—Titus Munson Coan.

ANTELOPE-HUNTING.

THE spirited full-page picture by Mr. W. M. Cary represents antelope-hunting, with greyhounds, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Far in the west these mountains rise abruptly, appearing to be quite near, owing to the illusion caused by the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere; yet it would require a long day's journey to reach them. On approaching the mountains, the rolling prairies are found, or the commencement of the foothills, but in reality the place where the Rocky Mountains first break the level of the plain. These localities are the favorite resorts of the prong-horns, or the American antelopes, when they leave the mountains. Ascending to the top of a rolling hill, the hunter will frequently discover a herd of antelopes feeding below. They are quick to scent danger, and the first one which notices the approach of man, gives its peculiar call of warning, when the whole herd quickly runs in a body. An old buck antelope, generally the largest, will step out a few paces from the rest to make observations. He looks but for a moment, stamps the ground impatiently, and then bounds away with the speed of the wind, followed by the entire flock, until they are entirely out of sight. The hunter who hopes to have a shot at them with his rifle generally finds himself mistaken. As they dash away, they can only be seen at intervals, crossing the knolls on the prairie. In a few moments nothing is discernible but a line of white objects, which, viewed through a field-glass, prove to be white patches on their backs.

The horsemen seen in the picture have surprised a herd of antelopes under the cover of a hill, which are hotly pursued by fleet-footed greyhounds, the two dogs in the foreground evidently being old hunters. These have run after the same animal, separating it from the rest, and are about to pull it down, having "closed in" on both sides. Another dog has singled out the fawn, well knowing that it can be more easily caught than an old antelope. A hound that was probably behind his fellows when the chase began, is in pursuit of the herd, with the prospect of a long and unsuccessful chase. Large, well-trained dogs, when run in pairs, will often overtake and pull down antelopes, but the majority of dogs, under favorable circumstances, are far outrun by them. Those who possess well-trained dogs, capable of outrunning the antelope, prize them highly, not only for the sport they give, but from the fact that they can catch wounded animals of all kinds which would otherwise escape.

The American antelopes (*Antilocapra Americana*), are peculiar to the country west of the Mississippi. The greater body of them inhabit the plains, although in Colorado they have been shot on the bare mountain-tops, far above the timber line, at an altitude of twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the sage-plains they subsist upon the dried tufts of buffalo-grass, which is but scant feed for them, although they thrive on it. They are gregarious at all seasons, particularly late in the fall, when they collect in large bands, and roam over the country for miles, making their longest halts to feed morning and evening.

—J. H. Batty.



JUNIATA RIVER, NEAR HUNTINGDON.—JOHN HOWS.

1700

FOOT-PRINTS.

THERE are footsteps in the snow,
At your door,
Eleanore!
Here and there I mark them go,
Wandering idly to and fro.

Here are feet of man and maid,
By your door,
Eleanore!
Hitherward they must have strayed—
She has lingered, he has stayed.

Here, a little way apart,
From your door,
Eleanore,
By my unrefuted art
I can tell you all your heart:

Look, he dints the flaky snow,
Near your door,
Eleanore,
With a foot most loth to go,
Guessing answers—Aye, or No.

Look, your foot so light and small,
By that door,
Eleanore,
Pats the snow that ceased to fall,
Having naught to say at all.

Look, how is it that I trace
From your door,
Eleanore,
Footprints twain, that leave the place
Side by side and pace for pace?

Look again! Why come they here
To your door,
Eleanore,
From the quiet moonlit mere?
Ah, you rogue, the case is clear!

— Samuel W. Duffield.

MICHAEL BOTELLO.

A FLORENTINE LEGEND.

MANY centuries ago, when Florence was in bright splendor under the enlightened sway of the Medici, it was resorted to by artists of high distinction in all æsthetic branches. At times, even the patronage of Papal pontiffs was not desired by gifted men so much as the patronage of the princes of that illustrious line.

Among the many personages to whom, at the time of which we write, the then reigning Florentine potentate gave large commissions, was a jewel-broker of Venice, of vast wealth and exquisite taste. From abiding in the city of the sea this man was enabled to procure for his almost regal patron some of the choicest gems and fabrics plundered by Venetian cruisers from Ottoman merchantmen. All the jewels and damask products, which were not of extreme value, he sent along the ordinary route by trusty agents, but when the stones were very precious, and would command enormous prices, he conveyed them himself, in disguise, through a secret defile of the Apennines.

For at that period, despite a strong guard of soldiery, the main pass over these mountains toward Florence was infested by dangerous bands of robbers, who had become so rich, that if convinced of the actual poverty of the victim whom they had caught, they would return him the contents of his purse heavier by a ducat or two. For this reason they neither molested peasantry nor fearless young landscape painters on sketching excursions, nor monks who came thither to fast and do penance.

The Venetian merchant, therefore, as he approached that part of his journey over the Apennines where he was most liable to be met by thieves, covered his rich vestures from sight by assuming the large gray cowed cloak of a mendicant friar. And such was his reverend and stately aspect thus attired, that the robbers, when he came in contact with them, as he sometimes did, mistook him for a father, and bade him pass on in peace.

Now there lived in Florence a wild, dissolute art-student, a talented but indolent fellow, who was in the habit of making yearly tours about the mountains in quest of vivid subjects for his pencil.

One bright day of autumn, this wild student, in rambling about a spur of the mountains, came upon a deep gorge of a most rugged and picturesque appearance. On one hand rose a high, bare cliff; on the other, a thickly wooded, precipitous slope; between the two foamed and boiled a turbulent torrent. Half-way down the face of the cliff ran a deep crevasse, and across it a narrow ledge. This ledge

formed a rather uncertain path, being rendered slippery by moisture coming up from the waters; but on it the student climbed, and with firm feet and cool head ascended to its loftiest part, and then seated himself and viewed the scene. Far beneath seethed the angry stream, and far above towered limestone crags and rough acclivities which looked obscure and unsubstantial in the mist raised by the madness of the water.

The student remained for some time perfectly quiet and inactive, being absorbed in a fanciful brown-study. At last he thought of his pencils and paper, and having selected a position, as secure as might be, began to sketch.

In this way he was occupied very intently, when to his surprise and consternation a small stone struck the crayon from his grasp. He sprang upon his feet, and looking upward to the summit of a cliff, he beheld a man, who, to his wonder, lowered his body carefully into the crevasse. The student peeped therein and saw a rope dangling, and by its aid the friar making a slow but sure descent. It was the Venetian jewel-broker! The fissure was the outlet of his peculiar passage through the Apennines.

The ravine could not be entered, nor the mountains ascended or descended in that immediate vicinity, by any other means. His present mission was to convey to the Florentine prince a number of precious stones of great value: diamonds, rubies, amethysts, emeralds, opals. The better to carry these, he had set them in an ebony case, divided into beds lined with satin and velvet, and for safety this was sewed between the folds of his gray mantle.

Now when he had come down so far as to be but two or three yards from the ledge, a sharp jag on one side of the crevasse caught in the garment, right where the case was deposited, and ripping the cloth apart like a keen knife, allowed it to fall out. It fell directly at the student's feet, and, bursting open, displayed its invaluable contents. And every gem gleamed at him like an impish eye!

It is in such a crisis as this that the preponderance of good or evil in the soul of man or woman is exhibited. Alas! for the student; he thought for a single second of a saintly mother, and of a pure maiden who loved him, and then!—of boundless wealth, of endless ease, of future revelries with boon companions. With the velocity of lightning he formed his resolution. The instant the merchant, fatigued and panting, reached the ledge, the youth sprang upon him like a tiger, and as he met with only momentary resistance, hurled him into the maelstrom below.

Then he gathered the jewels, and placed them in their proper places in the casket, and the casket in one of the pockets of his jerkin, and after resting a moment, to still the beating of his heart, prepared to leave the fatal spot. At this juncture his gaze fell upon his portfolio, filled with sketches and blank papers; this he seized and tossed after his victim.

He then descended the mountain and hastened across the intervening country to Florence.

It was on a pleasant autumnal morning that a party of art-students made their way through the streets of Florence, toward its southern suburbs. They were all pupils of the same great master, and they were all bent upon the same scheme—a mirthful and gamesome excursion. The day was one of exceeding warmth and mildness for the time of the year even in temperate Italy, and the young artists removed their outer jackets and loosened the collars about their throats that they might enjoy the genial heat without being overcome by it. They had light purses but lighter hearts, and consequently went along their jovial journey with great merriment and little care, save Michael Botello, whose heart and purse appeared to be as heavy as lead. His friends were convinced of this by the lavishness with which he dispensed golden florins and black disfavor on occasions of outlay and vexation.

It is to be presumed, however, that they gave themselves small concern about it, but ascribing the abundance of his funds to a picture's lucky sale, and his moroseness to a possible cross in an affair of love, joked him merrily.

Michael Botello was a tall fellow, with dull black hair, eyes of lurid darkness, swart in complexion, and of careless but picturesque costume. He was called by his master his most brilliant, lazy, and dissolute pupil; liked by his comrades for his generosity and wild ways; loved by his mother and a soft-eyed maiden of Fiesole.

Anon Michael and his associates wandered in the

vineyard on the hill-side. Using the gleaner's privilege, they pick the ripened globes out of the half-ripened clusters still on the vines, and pelt one another with grapes.

So strolled they through the earlier hours of the day, and at times, of them all, none seemed filled with more boisterous glee than Michael Botello. Did they meet a pretty maid, none doffed his cap more gracefully and petitioned with sweeter words for a kiss! Did they come upon a congregation of peasantry, celebrating some local festival or holiday in a leafy grove, none danced with higher leaps and louder laughter!

Notwithstanding the wild beauty of his face, and the grace of his motions, and the apparent heartiness with which he plunged into the sports of the merry ones he met, Michael could not become a part of them.

In vain did he sing his most mirthful songs, and cut his most amusing antics; in vain did he rally his companions and finally curse them for their stupidity; by no means could they shake off the dread spell settling on them, dark and chill. At last the youngest of the party besought his comrades to turn back, that they might reach the beautiful city before the darkness of night set in. His request found echo in the heart of every one save Michael, who was obdurate and wanted them to proceed onward; but to this the majority would not consent, and eventually it was decided to return to Florence.

Then the wild mirth of Michael changed to sullen and deep silence, and they walked homeward with drooping heads and wearied limbs. Thus they proceeded over half of the way, while none of them could tell why his hilarity was turned to dread. To add to their gloom a moaning wind came up, and storm-clouds whirled overhead and muttered in ominous tones. A little golden-haired fellow crept to the side of Michael and attempted to clasp his hand, but Michael flung him off with a lurid blaze of the eye, and a whispered curse. It was the last offer of human sympathy he received on earth, and came from the most innocent of his associates.

Just at this moment, the air, which had that sultry, smothering density so often heralding a thunder-storm, was illuminated by a vivid zigzag of lightning, and rent by deep reverberations of aerial cannon, followed by a shower of huge rain-drops and hailstones. Somewhat back from the road stood an hostelry, with all the forlorn and ill-omened looks that only an infrequently visited Italian inn can have, and thither the whole party hastened for refuge from the shower. After much pounding at its portals, they were opened slowly and suspiciously by a weazened crone who would have shut them again, had not Michael shouted to her in a voice that sounded high above the tempest, and bade her let them enter.

Thus commanded, the decrepit witch obeyed, crossing herself the while with every appearance of pious zeal, as if it were Satan, and no other, who ordered her, and led the way into the refectory, groaning and counting her rosary as she went. The room was as dreary in aspect as might have been expected from the appearance of the house, and illy lighted by two little dust and smoke obscured windows. A small fire of fagots sent a not imperceptible warmth through the apartment, and slightly lightened its gloom. Around this the students gathered, and removing their outer garments, began to dry them by its flames.

As each regained to a certain extent his former comfort, his spirits rose, and he contributed in some way to the cheer of the others. One told a story, another sang a song, a third produced a flute—all drank profusely of the wine afforded by even the poorest of Italian inns.

There were two who did not join in this mirth; these were Michael, and the delicate lad; the former bent like a fir-tree in a blast, and the latter bowed like a wind-fallen flower.

In the mean time the storm had raged with fury, but was beginning gradually to die away. The clouds parted in the west, with edges golden, silver and crimson; and garnet-colored sunbeams stole in through the windows of the apartment and illuminated it with strange light. Without, a nightingale began to sing; its melody coming at that unaccustomed hour sounded full of unearthly sweetness. At this moment the door of the refectory opened, and an unusher guest entered.

It was a tall old man of venerable and benignant aspect, his hair "hoary and white with eld," so also



SINKING SPRING (INLET).—JOHN HOWS.

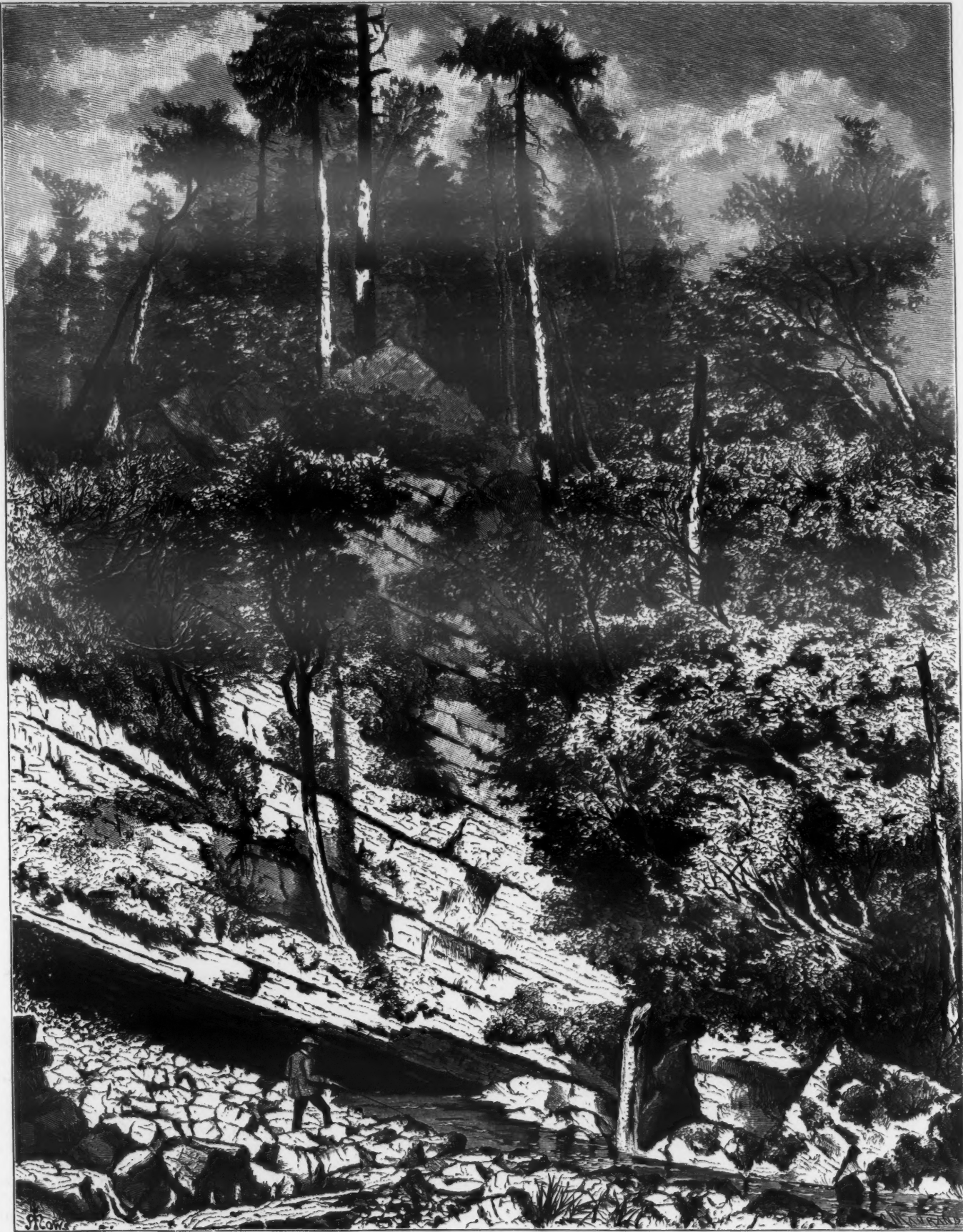
his beard. His costume, seen beneath a gray monk's-cloak, was that of a rich merchant of the upper provinces. He seated himself at the rude oaken table, directly opposite Michael, and clasping his hands, which sparkled with rare jewels, before him, looked at the young man with eyes that streamed forth a calm and steady light. Michael's face blanched to deadly whiteness; he folded his arms with rigid force, and gazed in frozen horror at his stately *vis-à-vis*. Each student instinctively caught the hand of the one nearest him, and all maintained the quietude of death. So sat the company for several minutes, while none moved. The fire flickered fitfully, the sunbeams grew more deeply garnet-colored, and the nightingale attuned itself to sweeter, sadder notes.

Presently, as if forced by a power beyond his control, Michael drew a roll of paper from his pocket, unrolled it on the table, and keeping it down with his left hand and a flagon, began to draw. While

this movement progressed, the white-haired and reverend signor stirred not a whit, and no sound came from the others in the room.

With the rigidity of an automaton, until half of the sands could have ebbed into the lower half of an hour-glass, Michael continued to work. As he did so, his countenance, although it grew more waxen, assumed an expression of less terrible horror and despair—one of deepest penitence. After some time had passed, the pencil fell from his stiffened fingers, and drawing his arms firmly over his breast, his head drooped over them, and the paper, freed by his hand, curled against the flagon in its former shape. Then the ghost of the murdered merchant arose. Invested with stateliest majesty, it lifted its hands high above Michael's head, as if with a motion of loftiest benediction, and thereafter instantly disappeared. When the students recovered from the palsy of their awe, they walked in a body to the

table, and one of them, with trembling fingers, opened the sheet. Thereon, as if by the pencil of a mighty artist, was executed a picture of singular energy. It represented a deep gorge with precipitous sides, one of which was a thickly wooded slope, the other, a high limestone cliff. On the face of the cliff was a ledge; on the ledge two figures struggled; at the feet of the figures lay a broken casket and some jewels; below rolled a torrent beaten to white foam. Each of the students saw that the faces of the figures were those of Michael and the merchant. After they had every one taken note of this, the paper curled again into a cylindrical form. And behold, when they reopened it, it was blank! And so when they turned to speak to Michael Botello, they found he was dead. So they said never a word, but lifted his body on the table, and composed its limbs, and then returned to their master in the city and related to him all that had transpired. And their master



SINKING SPRING (OUTLET).—JOHN HOWS.

sent a conveyance for the body, and had requiems sung and masses said for the repose of the soul that so lately animated it.

—Edward Olin Weeks.

A JUNIATA JAUNT.

"FAIR Pennsylvania! than thy midland vales,
Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
By billowy mountains rolling in the blue,
No lovelier landscape meets the traveler's eye."

So sang the late Thomas Buchanan Read, in his "Pennsylvania: a New Pastoral." Not without reason did the poet sing of the one State in the Union possessing above all others a greater variety of picturesque scenery, from the grand and sublime to the tender and beautiful: a central mountain range, two hundred miles in breadth, crosses the great Keystone State; the Atlantic slope with its fertile meadows on one side; the rich basin of the Ohio

River on the other. Various spurs of the great Appalachian chain of hills cross the State in a general course, from the northeast to the southwest, including the Blue Ridge, the Kittatinny Mountains, and the Alleghanies. Through these mountains the Delaware, Susquehanna, Juniata, and other rivers break, forming wild gaps and countless gems of water and valley beauty. And over, through, and between many of these mountains runs the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, along the route of which the traveler can see some of the most magnificent and enchanting scenery this country affords. We give our readers herewith a series of five illustrations, which show us the quality of the scenery to be found in the valley of the Juniata River, through which this great national highway runs.

With the sweet Indian word of Juniata there always comes a whisper of poetry and romance, and we invest the Arcadian land through which this river

flows with dainty charms, heightened, doubtless, by the remembrance of a once popular song:

"Wild roamed an Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where flow the waters of the blue Juniata."

Even to-day we can hear the glad voice of Alfarata echoing among the crags, and see her face reflected in the stream's blue waters. The barbarous taste of the age has not taken from us all the romantic Indian names. As Mrs. Sigourney once wrote:

"Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out."

The Juniata is one of the loveliest rivers in America, flowing through the heart of a wild and too little vis-



LEWISTOWN NARROWS.—JOHN HOWS.

ited portion of our country. It leaps from the crags and chasms of the Alleghanies, winding its devious way eastward through a hundred and fifty miles of mountain solitude to its final meeting with the Susquehanna. It is difficult to imagine a more continuous line of beauty than the course of this river, whose madcap moods and turbulent waters remind one of a roystering youth. Its mountain ramparts, which rise majestically to hail her onward progress, are crowned with a vegetation of northern fir, while the verdant and fertile valleys are green with the foliage of the oak, chestnut and sycamore. The Alleghany Mountains seem to bear a paternal relation to this river, and lend it the shadow of their presence through great distances. It needs an artist to discover all the beauties of this region; one whose soul has been

"Touched by the love of art, to learn to know
Nature's soft line and color's varied glow."

About the year 1810, Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, made a solitary tour through this wild region, navigating the water-courses in his own small boat. Floating down a river fifty miles from Pittsburgh, he says: "The landscape on each side lay in one mass of shade; but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, or lines, was charmingly reflected in the smooth, glassy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing, by the crowing of cocks, and now and then, in more solitary places, the big-horned owl made a most hideous hallooing that echoed among the mountains." Fifty years ago the region of the Juniata was a great highway over the mountains to the Ohio, the long and painful journey being accomplished in ponderous wagons. To-day the banks of this river are threaded by the Pennsylvania Central Railway, a canal, and telegraph wires, and, as of old, the Juniata is one of the chief thoroughfares for the tens of thousands of European immigrants who seek for homes in the Great West. Long trains of cars pass continually, and the boatmen on the canal add to the bustle and confusion. Although civilization long since drove out the red men, there is much of the wildness of nature still left, and of this Mr. Hows has availed himself during his last summer's tour in this region. In his full-page picture he presents a bold view of the rock-cut near Huntingdon, on the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railway. Huntingdon is built on the left bank of the Juniata, on an elevation sloping gently to the river. It is a little

southwest of the centre of the State, two hundred and two miles from Philadelphia. The county of Huntingdon is a land of minerals—coal, iron, lead, etc., being found in abundance. The rocks of the cut, as shown in the picture, are characteristic of the country. They appear to have been piled up by the hand of man, and are doubtless of that slaty formation peculiar to coal regions.

One of the remarkable smaller streams flowing into the Juniata is known as the Arched Spring, the entrance and outlet of which are seen in the two large illustrations. The Plutonian mouth of the arch, where the river enters the earth to flow for one mile underground, is graphically drawn, as well as the point where the stream reappears to sparkle in the sunlight and take up its onward march to the sea. The two smaller sketches of this series represent some of the sweetest stretches of the Juniata in the neighborhood of Lewistown. Mr. Hows has been very successful in imparting that tone and feeling to these pictures which are characteristic of the calm and tranquil bosom of the stream, as it flows between rounded hills and mountains, and stretches away toward the sea. In the vicinity of Lewistown, as well as Millerstown and Mifflintown, numerous romantic brooks come dancing down into the valleys, affording abundant and rare sport for the fishers of trout. Deer once abounded in these regions, but they are not so common now.

More than twenty years ago T. Addison Richards visited the Juniata, returning with a well-filled sketch-book. He went to the upper waters of the river, where the hills wear a more imposing front, encroaching more and more upon the area of the valley. The mountain flanks are in many places marked with the debris of the land slides which give so weird a look to much of the Juniata scenery. At the village of Spruce Creek, Mr. Richards took a ramble upon the banks of the Little Juniata. For half-a-dozen miles up the river the path ran through densely shaded glens, and by rolling cascades, presenting a great variety of scene, from grave to gay. It would be difficult to find a greater variety of scenery in the same distance than along the banks of the Little Juniata. The secluded character of the way changes completely after a few miles' walk from Spruce Creek, and the glen and ravine expand into a cultivated valley stretch. The sterner features of the landscape remind one continually of the picturesque ravines of the Catskills.

MY DOUBT.

WHICH shall I choose to love—the Sun, or Star?
The fire that warms, or light that shines afar?
"The Sun," you answer, and I bless his beams—
Forgetting in their glow the Star's white gleams.

Now, will you be to me the Star alone,
A diamond glittering on the heaven's blue zone?
Or all my world, my warmth and light and love,
Like the dear Sun that cheers me from above?

Or Sun, or Star? You only can decide!
If your sweet love is to my soul denied,
I'll throne you as a Star to gaze upon,
When these sad eyes can find no more a Sun!

—Wm. C. Richards.

POLLY.

HER name was not Polly, at all, but Lisette. She was a little waif, of French parentage, whom my uncle Harlan found in her loneliness and destitution, and brought to his bachelor home to care for. Lisette was foreign, and therefore, to him, barbaric. So he gave her the soft New England name of Polly.

What an amusement she was to me during those weeks of interval between schools. I was a great boy of fourteen; she was a small creature of nine years, whom I sometimes could coax on my knee. She often told me stories of a grand house, *le chateau*, she called it, where she had lived with her parents. "The most superb house I had ever seen," she assured me, with many exclamations, and little shrugs and nods. "The pictures, oh! but were they not truly fine? and everything was handsome, and how I would be happy to be permitted to live in it." She spoke in those days as if she were rendering French into English, *verbatim*, preserving all its peculiarities of construction in a way often diverting to listen to.

"How did she like her new home?" I asked her one day.

"I like it well, well!" with several little nods after she had spoken.

"And her guardian?" My uncle called himself that, though he really had nothing of hers to guard but herself.

"Monsieur? oh! he was the most fine and noble gentleman she had almost ever seen, and so amiable."

I had never before thought much about his qualifications; boys do not trouble themselves with much



JUNIATA RIVER, NEAR LEWISTOWN.—JOHN HOWS.

thinking; at least, the ordinary boy does not, and I had only looked up to him because he was my guardian, and liked him because he was a kind one; but that evening, when "he had the kindness to bestow on us some moments of his beautiful company," as Polly expressed it, I thought the fine perceptions of the child had read him completely.

"Polly," I said to her one day, "did you know I am to have a good education—superb, I think you would call it, and then I am to become a—," I could not think what lofty character, so I said, "a great man, and then I shall marry you?"

She was tugging at a little pocket in my vest to produce my watch, a new indulgence of my uncle's which she delighted in. She stopped to say with her charming accent, "Boys are so mad, I like them not any. I shall stay ever with the good Monsieur. When I shall be tall, he will be old, old, and I shall live with him to make his *menage*," ending with a French word for want of an English one to express it.

In due time I went away to school, and finally entered a German University, where I was to develop into something great; and after a while, I only thought of Polly at rare intervals, and of her then, only, as a very beautiful child, that had helped to amuse me when at home.

I traveled over Europe with an ardent soul for *compagnon de voyage*. I visited many storied places, always with the determination to become remarkable, like the principal actors who had rendered these points illustrious. At different times I had concluded to become a hero, like William Wallace; a poet, like Shakespeare; and an artist, like Angelo. But when I had finished Rome, I was restless to commence my life work. What was I to do? When I began to question, I really did not find in myself the ability to become great; so with a sigh I parted with all superfluous ambition, and decided to return to my country and become a useful man. I was best fitted for a business life, I thought. I would enter it, and strive, in my corner, to help a little in the progress of the world. Do not think, though, that I had bidden a final adieu to my Utopia. At times I cherished the idea that, in some way, I was to place traffic on a higher plane, and introduce new methods which were to work wonders in the commercial world. These speculations, however, were induced but by a lingering inspiration of the divine afflatus, and were not often indulged in.

I wrote to my uncle all my plans, which he fur-

thered, in his usual capable way, by getting me connected with a desirable firm; and on hearing from him I set out for America.

I was as glad as a boy to near the old home again—it was eight years since I had left it—and it was something enjoyable to have my hand wrung in my uncle's hearty grasp. I followed him into the old-fashioned, stately drawing-room with spirits light as quicksilver under a high temperature. Standing in one of its windows was a graceful, girlish figure, which Uncle Harlan signed me to approach.

"Polly," said he, "do you remember Bob, your old playfellow?" Then, with ceremony, "Miss Lisette La Mothe, allow me to present Mr. Robert Sayles."

Very traveled though I thought myself, I had scarcely ever seen such a vision of loveliness, and stood before her abashed; she, however, gave me a look of cool scrutiny ere she bowed.

Well, we were both young and foolish, and there were sentimental walks by moonlight, and insipid flirtations, you say. Your pardon, the young lady was as sensible and as matter-of-fact with me as the most prosy could desire. If I received any attention from Miss La Mothe, out of the ordinary, it was accomplished by direct assault; or secured her society to myself alone, it was brought about by dint of strategy. This beautiful creature was as difficult of approach as a rose encircled with thorns; and it is scarcely pleasant to remember what a dunce I made of myself in those days of freshness; and all the time my uncle looked on musingly, for if she avoided intimacy with me, she treated him also with reserve.

And so matters stood at Christmas. On that morning I chanced upon my uncle in the library.

"Bob," said he, "then you leave us Monday?"

"Yes;" and there followed a quick pain at my heart, at thought of the perplexed and baffled state in which I should depart.

As if he understood it, he said, "Why don't you put it to the test, boy? There she is now."

It was a steely morning, and the snow lay crisp and creaking underfoot. Down the walk the trees were fretted over with the frost, and under one of them, enveloped in something white and fleecy as the snow, stood Lisette; and thanking Uncle Harlan for his suggestion, I stepped out to join her.

"Polly," said I, as I approached; she smiled at the old name, in a way that encouraged me. Mimicking her childish speech, I said, "I find my heart all sick

with its love for you. Can you say to me the word hope?"

She smiled again, and almost sadly, answering now, as when a child, "Young men never know their mind; I could not trust one. I have decided to remain single, always staying here till—till your uncle signifies a wish to be rid of me."

I turned quickly to retrace my steps. After all it had only been a test, and I had scarcely dared hope for the result. I returned to the library and found Uncle Harlan at the spot where I had left him. Pointing down the walk, I said, "There she is, uncle, and she is waiting."

As he closed the library door, I involuntarily assumed his position, and in another moment saw him kneeling before her, in the manner of an olden knight.

And right knightly had his bearing always been, preserving through his life the devotional nature which is so sure to captivate the sex.

Some years have passed since then; I am not really old, nor am I quite young, and yet I hardly seem the same that I was on that Christmas morning.

Notwithstanding a difference of age, I can see that Uncle Harlan and little Polly (he calls her that, still) are suited to each other, while I am persuaded, too, that we would have never harmonized. Or is it a way we have of solacing ourselves for our disappointments?

—Marie S. Ladd.

BLIGHTED.

SHE was singing as he passed,
Twining willows deft and fast;
Twining willows, singing low—
Eyes of sunshine, cheeks aglow.
Did he then at last behold
Eyes of light and locks of gold
Matched to some Madonna old
He had seen—an ideal fair,
Mystic light on lip and hair?
Andalusia's fairest maids
He had scanned in woods and glades—
Fairest maids from sea to sea—
But none so fair of face as she.
He wooed and won the little maid.
And robed her in the rich brocade,
And paid her court in regal hall
But sad her smile amid it all;
For, nurtured where the willows grew,
And where the mountain violets blew,
She faded as a flower that dies
In sighing for its own blue skies. —Geo Klinge.

ELIZA GREATOREX.

AMONG the living women who attract the attention and excite the interest of those who love brave workers in the realm of art and intellect, our own countrywomen hold bright and manifold places. In this sketch we would tell of one who has essentially and literally "worked out" her own career and destiny—Eliza Greatorex—recognized both here and in Europe, as a peer and artist by many who are very eminent in art. Hers is a character nearly exceptional for honesty of purpose, indomitable energy and irrepressible courage, making her, now a silvery-haired woman of fifty-two, in frail health, so fresh in feeling, so youthful in heart and faith, that she may well be a living reproach to those whose way in life has been smooth and sunny, yet who despond and doubt at slight disappointments.

The name of Eliza Greatorex has been for the last fifteen years steadily making its way in the world of art: first as an exhibitor in the yearly expositions of the National Academy of Design, where she has almost always been represented by a picture, one of which she would send each year as a sort of tally of the year's work.

Drawing and painting had been her gift always; but not till adverse fortune and her early widowhood had forced her from the dearly loved retirement of domestic life, did she dream of making it her profession and the bread-winner for her four children. The facilities for art studies in New York were very few, even so lately as twelve or fourteen years ago, and in the spring of 1861 she went to Paris to study in the atelier of Edouard Lambinet. Here her natural feeling for color found great development, and on

her return from a year's close study, she applied her newly acquired knowledge to making many fresh and strong studies of American scenery: on the Hudson, on Lake George, in Maine and New Hampshire, where her summers, always filled with earnest, arduous work, were spent. While with a party of fellow-workers in Maine, and while finding very irksome the carrying about of color-box and all the heavy paraphernalia of sketching-craft, she took the friendly hint of one of the party, and began to make her out-of-door sketches in pen and ink. A marvelous success resulted—she had found a new language in which to express the idyl of waving trees, and grassy mead, and running brook; a vehicle for her meaning so delicate, yet so forcible, that, with this black and white, she not only gave light and

shade, but, it almost seemed, fine gradations of color and tone as well.

Practice continued for months and years, in every variety of landscape and architectural subjects, has given such power and facility, that an artist-student and connoisseur of high reputation in Europe (Joseph Geldhart), did not hesitate to pronounce her pen drawings deserving of a place beside the etchings of Rembrandt. Always incited by the desire for more study, more education, she made a lengthened tour in Italy and Switzerland, France and Holland, in the spring and summer of 1867; and lastly, in 1870,

with the rich harvest of her summer's stay in Ammergau, the hard part of her work began; there was a book to be published! and then did she, as hundreds have done, realize the bitter, if covert malice of the desire of old Job: "Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" From etcher to printer, from carvers of the wooden covers to perverse proof-readers, it was a series of skirmishes, almost pitched battles, which she had to encounter and surmount. All her courage, all her irrepressibility, were needed, for she was indeed a very David of inexperience before the Goliath of routine, red tape and rapacity, without

any armor at all, save the stone and sling of simple, direct purpose. But in all her bewilderment, comfort came from kind and faithful friends, and many a word of cheer from some whose good will was very precious to her. In an interview with Piloty, the head of the new school of painting in Munich, he named Mrs. Greatorex gravely, and without any thought of flattery, one of the three women of the present day possessing the most original genius in drawing: Rosa Bonheur, Eliza Greatorex, and the brilliant and successful English figure painter, Emily Osborn. The publishers of an important work on living artists sent from Leipzig for notes of Mrs. Greatorex's life and works, and since her return from Munich, the young king and enthusiastic art patron of Bavaria, Ludwig II. has sent her a royal gift with an autograph acceptance and acknowledgment of a copy of her book.

With this rank and stamp, well won and meekly worn, Mrs. Greatorex returned to America. Still, after all she has accomplished, each work is to her active mind only the stepping-stone to the next, which, with the humility of a true artist, she



THE OLD BIBLE.—G. WAGNÜLLER.

just after the National Academy of Design had conferred the almost unique distinction of electing her, a woman, a member, she took her two young daughters to South Germany, and for two and a half years studied in the galleries of Munich, among the wonderful antiquities of Nuremberg and in the beautiful Bavarian Highlands.

Some of the results of this indefatigable labor are apparent in her book, "The Homes of Oberammergau." That most strange development of art and poetry, in the very midst of a simple and lowly peasant people, the personation of the Oberammergau Passion Play, appealed to every poetic and fervent sentiment of Mrs. Greatorex's heart, and laid a strong hold on her fancy.

On her return to Munich with her portfolio filled

still aims at making more worthy, more artistic than the last. Her thoughts are now turned to the reproduction of American scenery, than which no country affords a finer field for the art student.

She has recently returned to New York, after a summer spent among the wonderful cañons and parks of Colorado, the Switzerland of America. The etchings and notes made during her stay have been put into an attractive book, published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This again is but preliminary to her cherished plan of a work on "The Landmarks of Old New York," the drawings for which have been in her studio for some time, awaiting only her last perfecting touches. The readers of *THE ALDINE* have more than once had the opportunity of seeing some of Mrs. Greatorex's sketches. — M. Despard.

MUSIC.

PROGRESS OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

WE are not entitled by extreme longevity to a retiring pension, nor can we even talk wisely, except at second-hand, of the causes and dire results of the financial crash of '37. It is true that we seized that occasion to embarrass our parents with another helpless responsibility, but we remember nothing about it of ourselves. Yet, despite our comparative youth, we can recall with great clearness the time when for a man to play on almost any musical instrument was regarded as a sheer waste of time, and for a boy to manifest a taste for the piano was an evidence of effeminacy and utter worthlessness for the stern duties of life.

The present generation can hardly realize that the orchestra in this country has had a comparatively brief existence, and that they are enjoying now, with little concern, a pleasure of which their fathers had scarcely an anticipation. Thirty-five years ago the king of instruments was commonly designated a "fiddle," and the average performance on it seldom rose above the grade of "fiddling." True, there were exceptions; but they were imported, and fell unappreciated upon the untutored ear. "Look a' here, stranger," said a bored rustic to Ole Bull after the execution of a brilliant fantasia, "when you are done tuning that fiddle I wish you'd play something."

It commenced to be the fashion in our boyhood to have a piano; and organs—and, to some extent, melodeons—began to take the place of the crude scraping and squealing of fiddles, cellos, flutes, and clarionets in church choirs. There was an inspiration in the "fiddle," however, which pleased our boyish fancy, and we besought our musical parent to grant us instruction on that instrument. But he was inexorable. The piano and organ we might learn, or even the flute; but "the fiddle, never!" His own experiences paraded in review before his mind's eye, and he replied, "No, you'll always regret it: you'll be run down with invitations to come and spend the evening, and 'be sure to bring your fiddle; you'll be dance-master to the town.'" So America lost a great violinist, who, by the way, is still in obscurity.

Although the old-time prejudice has for the most part passed away, or is confined to the rude and ignorant, the piano has largely monopolized the attention of music students. Nevertheless the study of the violin and other stringed instruments, of the flute, clarinet, oboe, and even of brass instruments, has become quite widespread, if not general. Amateur clubs and small orchestras may be found in nearly every town of size, and concerted music, which twenty years ago never dreamed of crossing the Atlantic, is in constant demand.

But it was not of the domestic use of orchestral instruments that we intended to write, save only as its influence has affected favorably the improvement of the orchestra in public. Our principal orchestras, as is well known, are largely composed of foreigners (Germans and Italians), who are usually professionals and teachers. So long as the uneducated public had but an inadequate idea of what constituted a good orchestral performance, just so long we had a careless, unfinished style of playing. Let us, for instance, take our examples from our own city, for, despite the two jubilees and many other excellences, we think even Boston will concede that New York is the musical centre, and that here the development of orchestral playing has been more rapid and thorough than elsewhere. And yet, the youngest intelligent attendant at our Philharmonics can recall the struggles of the orchestra to overcome passages which are child's-play now, and how the conductor labored to bring out the lights and shades, to administer that delicacy of coloring in this place, and that breadth of execution in another, which give to the completed tone-picture its exquisite perfection and beauty. Is it a wonder that under the influence of this aggravating conflict with crochets and quavers, this battle of augmented fifths and diminished sevenths, of major and minor, the giddy boys and girls should fall to flirting, and pass the hours in those preliminary skirmishes which bring on final and sometimes disastrous engagements? The history of the New York Philharmonic, which in its day has done nobly for the advancement of the divine art, presents a long series of complaints against the inattention of its audiences, and it was not always the audience's fault. The orchestra itself has had to struggle constantly against the adverse fate which kept its members apart in the special work of earning their bread except at the few rehearsals allowed for each concert. Indeed, these rehearsals were in some degree concerts, and the conductor was less free to criticise and drill the performers than was desirable. It was fortunate for New York that the Philharmonic became fashionable, for the really patient and artistic public was too small to support such an institution. But all honor to the old Philharmonic, and to Theo. Eisfeldt and Henry C. Timm, George F. Bristow and Carl Bergmann, and others, who as conductors and in minor capacities have done so much in the education of the people.

What the Philharmonic has failed to do has been handsomely accomplished by Theodore Thomas, now confessedly the most devoted student, the best informed and the most magnetic conductor who wields the baton in this country. This position he has attained not without severe labor and many discouragements. For years he was far in advance of the public taste which preferred Strauss to Beethoven, and Stephen C. Foster to either. The Symphony societies, with which he may be said to have begun his education of the people, were but slimly attended at first. A few hundred ap-

preciative ones who found in music something more than a mere catering to the sense of hearing, stood by him from season to season, and although the financial results were poor, Thomas never despaired of his ultimate object—to bring together an orchestra that would interpret music as its composer intended, and so drill them that in execution and expression the entire number should think and move as one man.

"That he has done this in the face of the 'regular organization,' and without its encouraging approval, and also in spite of the very heavy expenses of such an undertaking, is an evidence as well of his indomitable faith and perseverance as of his genius.

At last, Thomas, too, has become "fashionable" beyond peradventure. If there was a lingering doubt of it last year, by those whose easily offended noses declined to snuff the perfumed air of Central Park Garden, they can have none now. For does not all New York pack Steinway Hall on the occasion of his Symphony concerts, and has not the Brooklyn Philharmonic taken him, orchestra and all, to its heart? Does not even the staid Bostonian throw up his hat enthusiastically when he hears Thomas is coming, and the prim little maiden of Beacon Street put an extra flower in her bonnet, and study the score with apparent intelligence in order that she may be all ready to receive and enjoy him at Music Hall?

Speaking of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, it is but fair to commend this selection for its wisdom as well as for its expediency. The change from the old orchestra could not have been effected had the organization been different. In New York the orchestra is the Philharmonic. It plays for money and its surplus is divided among the individual members. Of course it won't vote to employ another orchestra, and must depend upon itself for improvement and success. In Brooklyn, on the contrary, the subscribers constitute the society, and annually elect a board of twenty-five directors who manage its affairs. They receive, for compensation, nothing, and a reasonable share of abuse from well-disposed and



BUDDING GENIUS.

captious critics. They employ the best orchestra possible, give the best concerts possible, and spend all the receipts in that laudable object. The present season far exceeds in brilliancy any previous one. The rehearsals have lost their tedious features, and are, in reality, concerts. "A beggarly account of empty boxes" is no longer the complaint in the ticket office at the first and second rehearsals, while the third rehearsals and concerts recall the palmiest days of the Philharmonic, when, Brooklyn having only one fixed entertainment, the hungry public crammed the Academy almost to suffocation.

The day is near at hand, we believe, when one need not cross the ocean to hear the best works performed in perfection. Precision, unity, intelligence in expression, careful interpretation of hidden and apparently abstruse meanings, are characteristics of Thomas's orchestra, and as they are still diligent in practice and indefatigable in study, who can measure the success they may and will yet attain.

More than once it has been proposed to erect a suitable hall for Thomas's orchestra, in which may be maintained a continuous series of concerts which shall rival the best of Europe. We trust the project will be carried to a speedy and successful termination.

Dr. Schlüter, writing in the old world, and under the adverse influence of the Liszt-Wagnerian fever, which seemed to him about to divert attention from the old masters, said: "Another spring-time of music, another classical epoch in music as well as poetry, we may scarcely hope to see. The tendency of the age is a different one; there is less scope for imagination in these scientific days; and instead of art, political, national, and material interests principally employ the minds of men." This may be true of Germany, but not of our own country, still young, undeveloped, but ambitious of improvement in every art and accomplishment which civilizes, refines, and makes life happier. We see the taste for music rapidly extending and growing more discriminating and exacting. We perceive in every family a desire to cultivate in the children, whether boys or girls, any latent musical talent. We are fast becoming a musical people. The tide is setting in from the East, and before many years America will be as much the home of Euterpe as is Italy now. Let our progress be as rapid as in the past forty years, and the new century will crown our land as the republic and reigning head of musical art.

DRAMA.

THE METROPOLITAN STAGE.

ALL the arts advance hand-in-hand with the increase of general intelligence. If sculpture, painting, and music are proper subjects for a great art journal to take cognizance of, so is the drama. A poor play is no more to be tolerated than a poor picture, and if abuses sometimes creep upon the stage, so much the more need is there for the encouragement of all legitimate, instructive, and truly artistic acting. In his work on "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," Philip Gilbert Hamerton writes of an English lord who "condemned the purchasing and collecting of pictures as an abominable sin when men are perishing from want of food." His lordship also asked: "What better will a man be at the Day of Judgment for knowing anything about pictures?" His lordship's notions did not extend to the drama and music. The particular kind of art which afforded him pleasure was all very well; that which he did not comprehend he threw away. Puritanism and painting are not necessarily antagonistic; neither is a proper consideration of the drama as one of the fine arts out of place in a professedly art journal.

New York City and Brooklyn, now really one city in art needs and interests, possess an array of theatres more inviting, in building, capacity, and general management, than can elsewhere be found in any one city on the globe. With two or three theatres of marked excellence in certain specialties, Paris by no means compares with New York as to the excellence of average of these places; while in no other city can the same facilities be enjoyed for reaching any one of a large number, without the cost of special conveyance. Even more generally admitted is the inferiority of the London theatres in construction and detail, whatever may be said of the management, the selection of pieces, or the array of talent they offer to the public.

Difficult of access, sombre of cast, inconvenient, and unattractive to the American taste, the London playhouses are left without regret. The traveled American greets with renewed delight the tastefully built, elegantly furnished, comfortably arranged, splendidly lighted, and in all regards inviting theatres of New York. They are veritable fairy land in their elegance, while they equal those of the world's metropolis in the excellence of their entertainments. No modern places of amusement yet devised by man have been more unexceptionable in all their internal fittings and surroundings, than Booth's Theatre, the Grand Opera House, Wallack's Theatre, the Academy of Music, the Old and New Fifth Avenue theatres, Niblo's Garden, the Lyceum Theatre, the Union Square, Olympic, and Broadway theatres. Brooklyn adds to this long list no less than three places of amusement of the first order: the Academy of Music, the Brooklyn, and the New Park theatres. The Stewart-Boucault Theatre, recently built in New York, has already taken rank with other houses of the first order.

With such a strong hold upon the public as the dramatic art has in the American metropolis, it would almost seem as if one art journal might be exclusively devoted to the illustration of the drama, giving views of the beautiful houses and their audito-

riums; carefully drawn and finely engraved scenes from notable plays; portraits of distinguished actors and actresses; portraits in character of artists who possess the public eye and mind, as well as the portraits of popular play-writers.

A brief glance at the fall and winter dramatic season in New York for 1873 will show that it was quite brilliant. After a long time spent in reconstruction, the imposing and elegant Lyceum Theatre was opened with Victor Hugo's play of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." A clever English company held the stage, and gave a fair rendition of the play. The scenery, grouping, costumes, etc., of this play showed much artistic taste, winning general commendation. The play was full of interest, and had a long run. Mr. Fechter, the great English actor, commenced an engagement at the Lyceum, about the middle of December, with "The Lady of Lyons." The appearance of Salvini in New York, the great Italian tragedian, was doubtless the theatrical event of 1873. He brought his own company with him from Italy, and played between fifty and sixty times, for the most part at the Academy of Music. He labored under the disadvantage of speaking Italian to English audiences, which served to cause great differences of opinion in regard to his acting, and diminished the number of his hearers. A man of fine presence and magnificent physical proportions, he was well adapted by nature to fill many of the rôles he assumed; more so than any actor who has been seen on the American stage for a number of years. He played in such parts as *Samson*, *Othello*, *Corrado*, *Earl Essex*, *The Gladiator*, *Hamlet*, and many other characters, some of which were wholly new to the American stage. In some of these characters he was admitted to be unapproachable.

Mr. Edwin Booth played for a month at his theatre, presenting to the public those impersonations which he has long identified with himself. With three such actors in one season as Fechter (English), Salvini (Italian), and Booth (American), lovers of the drama have had unusual opportunities for study and enjoyment.

The close of 1873 witnessed a two months' revival of old English comedy at Wallack's Theatre, with the reappearance of Mr. Lester Wallack, after an absence of two years. These comedies were placed upon the stage with great care, and played in an almost faultless manner. It may well be doubted if even in London they could have been better brought out.

LITERATURE.

THE poetical works of the well-known and deservedly popular Edmund Clarence Stedman, have been collected in one large and handsome volume, embellished with an excellent likeness of the author, and published by James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston. Ever since the publication of "The Diamond Wedding," many years ago, which attracted much attention at the time of its appearance, Mr. Stedman has grown steadily in popular favor and appreciation, until to-day he holds a place scarcely secondary to Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. Mr. Stedman is a poet by birth as well as education; he inherited the gift of song from his mother, to whom he dedicates this volume, and he received a thorough and classical education at Yale. All through life he has been surrounded by sweet and refining influences; has had the time and opportunity to cultivate the best books and men which this country affords. As a result of these circumstances, we find polished and graceful work: poems which are a pleasure to read, because of the thought which they contain, as well as the simple and clear style in which they are written. Mr. Stedman's poems are like deftly woven tapestries, blooming and twining with all the beautiful objects found on the earth, or plucked from the skies, while they at the same time record heroic actions, burning passions, or narrate events of absorbing interest. We regard his ballads as some of the best ever written by American poets, as "The Ballad of Lager Beer," and "Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call." After reading "Penelope," we cannot help wishing its author would give us the whole of Homer in his easy-flowing, beautiful verse. The following passage is a sample:

"But then, returning one by one, they come,—
The island-princes; high-born dames of Crete
And Cephalonia saw again their lords;
Only Ulysses came not; yet the war
Was over, and his vessels, like a troop
Of cranes in file, had spread their wings for home.
More was unknown. Thus many a winter's night
The servants piled great fagots, smeared with tar,
High on the palace-roof; with mine own hands
I fired the heaps, that, haply, far away
On the dark waters, might my lord take heart,
And know the glory of his kingly towers."

The poem of "Flood-Tide" is one of the noblest in the book, in conception and execution not unlike Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," of which it instantly reminds us. This poem was written in 1857, when the nation was absorbed in commercial pursuits, little dreaming of the terrible judgments in store for it because of the great curse which blighted half the States. Only a true poet could have uttered such words as these:

"Shame," I said, "upon the craven who can rest, content to save
Paltry handfuls of the riches that his guardian-angel gave!
Shame upon all listless dreamers only hiding from the strife,
Sated with some little gleaming of the harvest-fields of life!
Shame upon God's toiling thinkers, who make profit of their
brains,
Getting store of scornful pittance for their slow-decaying pains!
Give me purpose, steadfast purpose, and the grandeur of a soul
Born to lead the van of armies or a people to control.
Let me float away and ever, from this shore of bog and mire,
On the mounting waves of effort, buoyed by the soul's desire."

Here is another graphic passage:

"But my present life—what is it? mated, housed, like other men;
Thoughtful of the cost of feeling, valiant only with the pen;
Lying, walked about with custom, on an iron bed of creeds;
Peering out through grating windows at the joy my spirit needs.
And I hear the sound of chanting,—mated men are passing by;
Crumble, walls, and loosen fetters! I will join them ere I die!"

In the Connecticut idyl called "The Freshet" there are very tender and tear-drawing passages; also in the long poem of "Alice of Monmouth," which is a New Jersey story of the great civil war. The scene, as depicted by the poet, at the bedside of the dying colonel, where Alice and her father-in-law, Hermann Van Ghelt, stand watching the brave soldier "breathe the slow remains of life away," is touching in its pathos. Mr. Stedman's great fame as a poet doubtless rests on his two longest-sustained poems, "Alice of Monmouth" and "The Blameless Prince." That he could construct so charming a poem as the first one named, out of such scant incident and scenery as New Jersey affords, with all the horrors of a civil war surging about the Capital, the scene of action of a portion of the poem, stamps Mr. Stedman a genius, a man of heart and mind. "The Blameless Prince" is to our mind Mr. Stedman's greatest and best poem; finer as a work of art than "Alice of Monmouth," because not so realistic, and possessing more delicate strokes of fancy; more of the creative genius which serves the purpose of the golden thread upon which the pearls of fact are strung. It is the story of a prince who loved two women: one from a sense of duty and respect; the other, because he couldn't help it. No American poem deals with these delicate subjects with warmer coloring, greater delicacy, or purer sentiment. We can give but one verse, which is a fair sample of the whole:

"I hold the perfect mating of two souls,
Through wedded love, to be the sum of bliss.
When Earth, this fruit that ripens as it rolls
In sunlight, grows more prime, lives will not miss
Their counterparts, and each shall find his own;
But now with what blind chance the lots are thrown!"

There are many other notable poems in this book, all marked with lofty sentiment, poetic fire, and a rare scholarship.

There is much satisfaction to be derived from the contemplation of the fact that the great American public is quick to discover and appreciate a really fine work of an artistic nature. Say what we will of the slow growth of art taste in the American Republic, makers and publishers of books have discovered that there is always a market for a good article. The day has passed when it is necessary to send to the Old World for the finest products of the studios and printing-press which can be produced; our own art journals and books now rival the best made elsewhere. Is it not something to take pride in, that New York to-day occupies the position held by Florence three hundred years ago, when the Aldine Press of that city filled the world with its fame? We have been led to make these observations anent the publication of the "Aldine Almanac" for 1874, which was brought out late in 1873, and was one of the rare art works issued from the American press during the past year. Nowhere else, at any time, has so beautiful

and costly an almanac been projected. Every illustration in its tinted quarto pages was original, designed expressly for the almanac. These consisted of head and side pictures for the calendar pages, and full-page engravings representing poetical, social, and romantic events, not unfamiliar to the public. The amusements and occupations of the various months, as well as the change of seasons, were spiritedly illustrated by Mr. John S. Davis. The other pictures, fully equal to the finest steel engravings, depicted scenes from the poems of Moore, Miller, and Bryant, as well as Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat," Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," and the social life of New England and the sunny South. These gems of art were inclosed in covers of illuminated chromolithography, as brilliant and beautiful as any ever made in this country. Notwithstanding an edition of forty thousand copies was placed upon the market when one of the most disastrous financial panics the country has ever seen was raging at its worst, such a small number remained upon the publishers' shelves at the close of 1873, that within ninety days of issue it was an assured fact that the demand would exceed the supply. The "Aldine Almanac" for 1874 will in a few days be out of print, and those who wish to possess a copy will obtain it only at a premium as a "scarce work." Such a success at such a time is wholly without a parallel in the history of literary enterprises in this country. In Europe, especially in such art centres as London and Paris, the "Aldine Almanac" has received the highest commendations. The work has disarmed European criticism and removed prejudice against American art works. The *London Bookseller* pronounces it "capital, well deserving the commendation of a 'brochure of American art.'"

Welcome to a large class of cultured readers are two small volumes by Henry Blackburn, whilom editor of *London Society*, and personally known to many in this country as the chief promoter of the recent exhibition of English water-colors at the National Academy of Design in New York. Mr. Blackburn is the author of a number of works: "Normandy Picturesque," "Artists and Arabs," "Traveling in Spain," "The Pyrenees," and "Art in the Mountains." All of these books are being republished in this country from London editions, by James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, a house which has recently disposed of its magazines—*The Atlantic Monthly*, and *Our Young Folks*—that more attention may be given to art works. The first two books named are before us, and they prove to be dainty little volumes, filled with sketches of the people and places visited, and with a running account of the scenes enjoyed and vicissitudes experienced. "Normandy Picturesque" has thirteen illustrations, and is a book full of useful and pleasing information, as well as descriptions of architecture and costume, cathedrals and castles, carvings and tapestry. In the chapter on "Mortain," our author says:

"If we stroll out at once, before the evening closes, we shall have time to visit the cemetery on the rocks, to see the remains of a castle of the Norman dukes, and, above all, the superb panorama from the heights; and we may wander afterward into the valleys to see the cascades, the ivy-covered rocks, and the masses of ferns—scenes so exquisite and varied that we are lost in wonder that all these things are to be seen in France at small trouble and cost, and that French artists hardly ever paint them. That the country round Mortain is not known as well as it deserves, is a remark that cannot be too often repeated; we cannot, indeed, imagine a more delightful district for an English artist to spend a summer in, and we promise him that he shall find subjects that will look as well on the walls of the Academy as the Welsh hills or the valleys of Switzerland."

Besides the art notes this work contains, its author indulges now and then in a little pleasant sermonizing, in bits of descriptions of social life in France, in historical reminiscences, etc., forming in the end a chatty hand-book of more than usual interest.

A companion volume to "Normandy Picturesque," by the same author and from the same publishing-house, containing sixteen illustrations, is entitled "Artists and Arabs; or, Sketching in Sunshine." The object of the work is to illustrate "the advantage of winter studios in the South, and the value of sketching in the open air, especially in Algeria." The reader of the book will be entertained with a sketchy description of the journey to this French colony; of the town of Algiers, "like a diamond set in emeralds," with its great Moorish mosque, mysterious-looking houses, shops, narrow streets, etc. The "models" to be had in Algeria, the costumes of the medley of people, the sunrises peculiar to the country, the *cafés*, bazars, modern Arabs, and many other items of general interest, are treated in a dashing and pleasing style. The last half of the book is devoted to accounts of sketching in the open air during one winter, upon the hillsides of Mustapha, the heights of the Bouzareah, and among the Kabyle Mountains, while the air is full of odors of orange groves, aromatic cedars, and the breath of wild flowers. Such a land, while we are in the midst of snow and ice, possesses irresistible charms, even when brought to us in the pages of a book. In his chapter on "Nature and Art," Mr. Blackburn pays the following compliment to the Americans at home:

"What made the American people crowd to Ristori's performances in New York over and over again? Not the novelty, not alone for the sake of being able to say that they had been there, but for the delight to the eye in contemplating forms of classic beauty, and the delight to the ear in hearing the poetry of the most musical language in the world nobly spoken, although but few of the audience could understand a word. It was a libel upon the people to suggest that their attending these performances was affectation; it was an almost unconscious drawing out of that love for the beautiful which is implanted somewhere in every human breast."

If there are any people who want to read more about the islands of the South Sea, since Mark Twain and Mr. Nordhoff have exhausted the subject, they will find a sprightly little volume from the pen of Charles Warren Stoddard, entitled "South Sea Idylls," amusing and entertaining. The book is made up of a succession of highly wrought descriptions of life in Tahiti, Lahaina, and other parts of the Sandwich Islands; and describes *fête-days*, night-dances, pearl-hunting, a canoe-cruise, the grave of Captain Cook, a South Sea show, love-life, etc. Mr. Stoddard's style is not to be commended. He indulges in the most extravagant language, appearing to strain after the grotesque, as follows: "The fishes were baptizing themselves by immersion in space, and kept leaping into the air, like momentary inches of chain-lightning." Perhaps it is deemed necessary to write like this when composing a "South Sea Idyll." Osgood & Co., Boston, publishers.

ART.

BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.

ON the 8th of December, 1873, the Brooklyn Art Association opened its doors free to the public for its twenty-seventh exhibition. Three hundred and eighty-eight works of art were displayed in the various rooms of the handsome art building, exclusive of about one hundred specimens of crayon work executed by the pupils of two celebrated schools in Brooklyn. As an indication of what is being accomplished in public art education, these amateur pictures were not entirely out of place in the exhibition. A few good portraits and copies of lithographic prints were to be found in the collection. We can only hope in this country for the successful cultivation and appreciation of art by popularizing it through the education of the masses. We may not, therefore, ignore even the early efforts of the rising generation.

Between fifty and sixty of the pictures exhibited were works of foreign artists, leaving but a few over three hundred from Americans, a small number when we consider the size and wealth of the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Native talent is as yet but poorly encouraged, or there would be a larger home production of pictures. Sometimes as many as eight thousand applications will be made for one Paris art exhibition. It is not uncommon for London to have five or six great art exhibitions in progress at the same moment. Even the quiet little German city of Düsseldorf produces more works of art in six months than the whole of the United States in a year. The foreign pictures hung upon the walls of the Brooklyn Art Association building were generally superior to those exhibited by American artists. The most notable were the following: "Cattle and Landscape, Morning," by Fr. Voltz of Munich; a fine conception of Ophelia after having committed suicide, by James Bertrand, of Paris; "The Careful Housemaid," by Jules Worms; "Birthday," and "The Proposal," by Meyer von Bremen; "The Madonna and Child," by Professor Ittenbach; "The Burial of the last Doge of Venice," by Bernhard Strangé; "Winetaster," by E. Grutznér; "Mending the Quill," by Siefert; and "The Mother's Prayer," by H. Van Derondra.

Seventy pictures were contributed by American women, a few of which were quite good. Anything which shows that women are taking the least interest in art is welcome. There is room enough for all who choose to enter the profession, and no good reason exists why we should not have excellent female painters of landscapes, marine views, portraits, and interiors; of cattle, horses, sheep, and all the domestic animals. Mrs. Eliza Greatorex contributed a dozen of the original pen-and-ink sketches which she made last summer in Colorado. They were much deeper in feeling and softer in tone than the reproductions recently published in book form. The process of etching on glass, and printing on hard, smooth paper, robbed them of half their beauty. The other pictures by women worthy of mention were a pretty water-color, "New-England Apples," by Elizabeth Murray; "Sunday Afternoon," an interior, showing much feeling, by Miss Conant; "The Happy Family," by Miss Ludlow, and "Wild Pigeons," excellently painted, by Georgia W. Douglass.

Figure-painting is not extensively cultivated by American artists, too much time being required for the completion of a picture. By far the best piece of this kind in the exhibition was J. Beaufain-Irving's "Recital," three men sitting about a table in a hilarious mood over a fourth companion who is reciting his part in a play. The expression and grouping was good, while the painting was exquisite. "A Dish for my Lord's Table," by Percival De Luce, showed much force. "Quite a Step," by J. G. Brown, was well painted, but the children's faces lacked the proper expression, if it can be said they possessed any. "The Fortune-Teller," by Victor Nehlig, was broad and effective, but somewhat exaggerated. "Fixing for School," by S. J. Guy, was a peculiar and rather doubtful piece in its coloring, but well drawn. Edwin A. Blashfield had two pieces, "End of an Engagement," and "Doubtful," the last fairly painted after the French school. It lacked the dash and artistic grace of Caraud's "Jeune Fille portant un Chat," of the same school. A large picture called "The Battle of Monmouth," by Leutze, was exhibited—a spirited production, full of animation. An immense canvas, by Rossiter and Mignot, represented Lafayette and Washington chatting together on the piazza of Mount Vernon. The father of his country was as stately, and Lafayette as idiotic-looking, as usual. A large painting, containing some brilliant sunlight effects, and attracting much attention, represented Catharine de Medici persuading her son, Charles IX., to sign the edict for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was after Focossi. Other figure-pieces worthy of mention were "The Woodland Bath," by Eastman Johnson, a pleasing composition belonging to Rev. H. W. Beecher; "Pompeian Children," by J. Coomans; "The Little Admiral," by Mrs. Anderson; three cabinet pictures, by E. L. Henry; "Guess what I've Brought You," by E. L. Wilmarth; "The Uncomfortable Customer," by J. H. Dolph; and "Bankrupt," by S. S. Carr.

Between twenty and thirty portraits were exhibited, a few of which were very fine. The best one, occupying a position of honor, was by Thomas Jensen, a Swedish artist who has a studio in Brooklyn. J. Ludovici, of New York, had an excellent crayon portrait of the late Hon. James Harper. D. Huntington sent a fine portrait of Dr. Francis O. J. Lay was represented by two portraits of a mother and child, the wife and daughter of J. C. Wiggins, the artist. Le Clear contributed a portrait of Gen. A. S. Webb, and George A. Baker sent two good ones, a mother and child. E. T. L. Boyle had a fine portrait of Mr. W. C. Hester, and W. B. Kittell a very striking likeness of a Brooklyn citizen. J. B. Whittaker was represented by a fine study from nature, called "The Old Puritan." The face showed much force and character. A portrait of an "Old Lady," professing to be by B. Denner, was shown, but it was doubtless only a clever copy from this great master.

The larger part of the exhibition, and perhaps the most satisfactory, was composed of landscapes and marine views, in which branches American artists excel. An extended notice of these departments would make an interesting article by itself.

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